



WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

1959

METAPLASIA

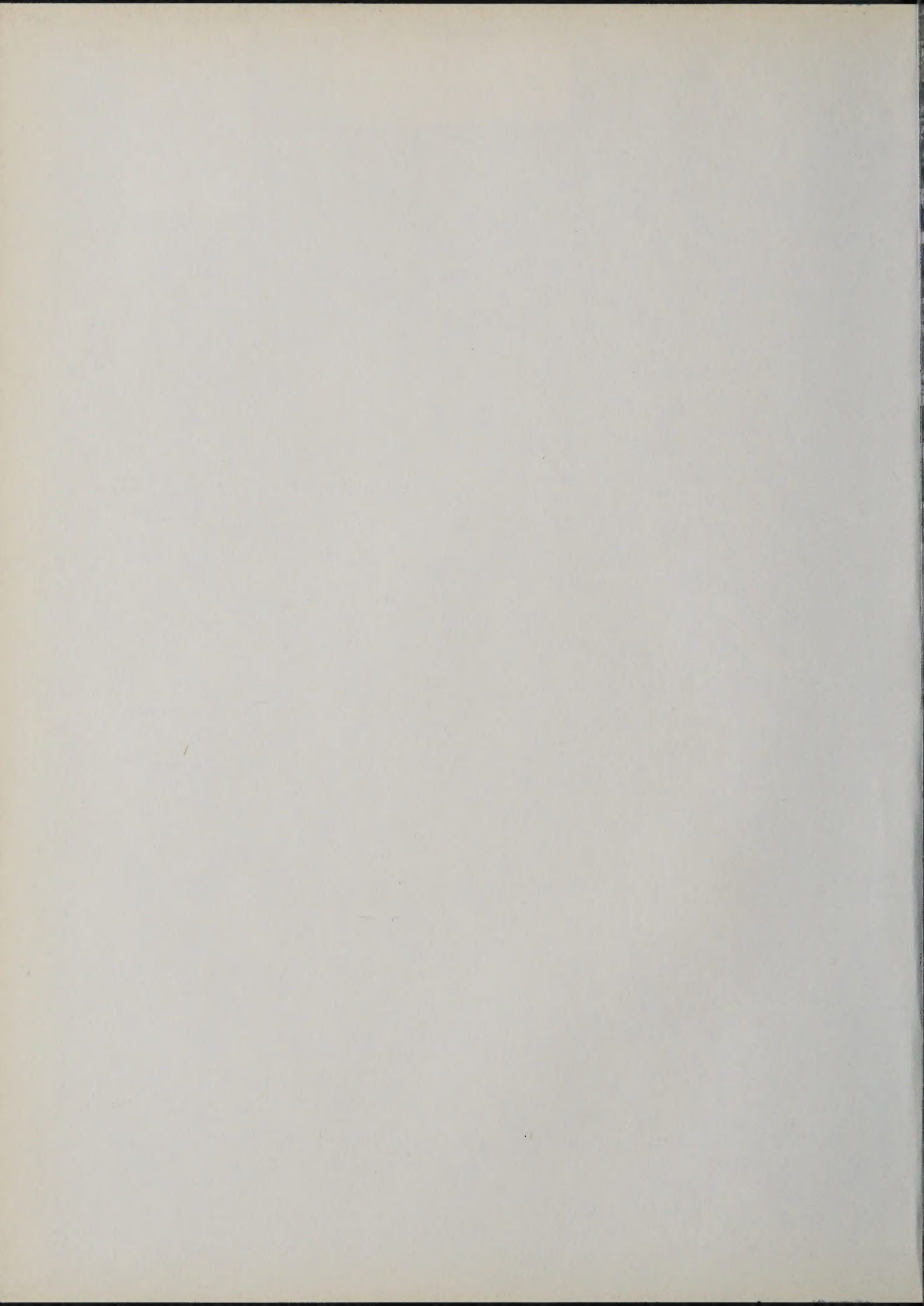
FREDERICK C. ROBBINS, M.D.

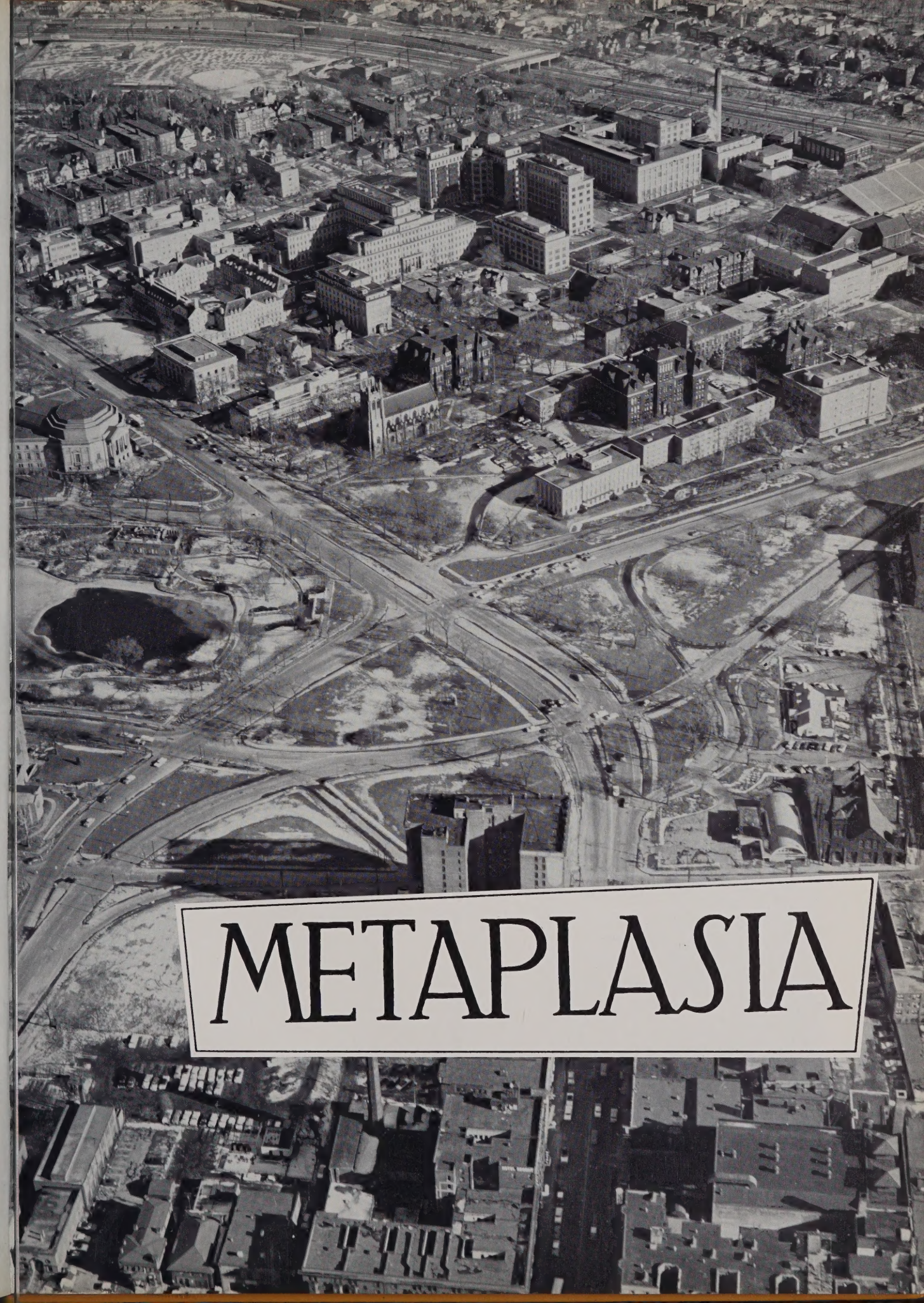
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C59WEBA,
1959



An aerial photograph of a city intersection, likely in Chicago, showing a complex network of roads and surrounding urban development. The image is in black and white, with a high-contrast, slightly grainy texture. A large, white, rectangular text box is superimposed over the lower half of the image, containing the word "METAPLASIA" in a large, black, serif font. The background shows a dense urban landscape with various buildings, including a prominent circular building on the left and a large, multi-story building in the center. The intersection is a major thoroughfare with multiple lanes and a central green space. The overall scene depicts a bustling urban environment with a mix of old and new architecture.

METAPLASIA



IN MEMORIAM

NORMAND LOUIS HOERR
1902-1958

Normand Louis Hoerr, Henry Willson Payne Professor of Anatomy of Western Reserve University from 1939 to 1958, was an outstanding man in many fields. His accomplishments as a scientist, administrator, author and citizen have been recorded in other places. It is my desire to pay tribute to his career as a teacher and counselor of medical students.

Dr. Hoerr was a superb teacher in his own specialty and had a wide understanding and appreciation of its relation to other fields. In his lectures and in the laboratory he always emphasized that a knowledge of living human anatomy was vital to a physician. He never dwelt on the minutiae of the dissecting room or on isolated facts to be gleaned from the textbooks. He stressed the importance of functional anatomy in health and disease.

Dr. Hoerr felt that as a teacher it was a very important part of his duties to be a friend and advisor to the individual student; despite his crowded schedule and the many calls upon his time, he devoted innumerable hours to personal contacts. He was always available, always patient, always helpful. The problems, interests and ambitions of each student were considered with thoughtfulness, understanding and sympathetic attention. There are many successful graduates of this school who could testify that the advice and precepts of Dr. Hoerr saved them from failure. His good counsel at a critical time enabled many to make a wise choice which led to renown.

For Dr. Hoerr the graduation of his students did not mean an end of his interest in them either as individuals or as physicians. Upon every contact he greeted each one as a personal friend. He rejoiced in every success and had a keen appreciation of every activity.

So long as any of his students remain alive his influence will be perpetuated and Dr. Hoerr will be remembered with gratitude and affection. The Class of 1959 was the last to be associated intimately with him. This class is indeed fortunate to have come under the influence of a preceptor who was an exemplar of the best in medical teaching.

-Carl C. Francis

ADMINISTRATION

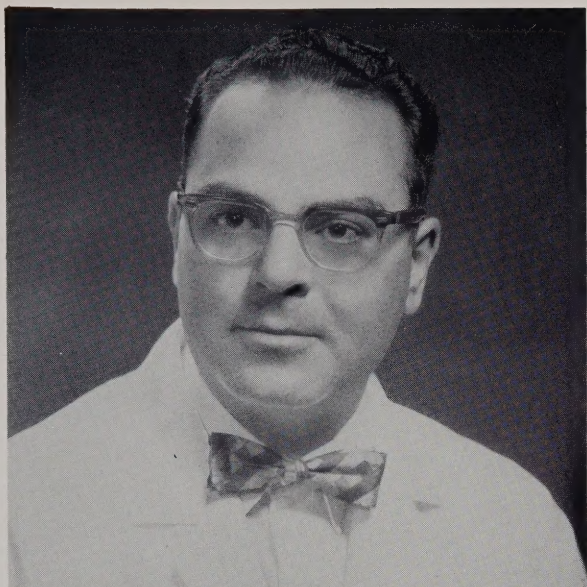


DR. JOSEPH T. WEARN
Dean

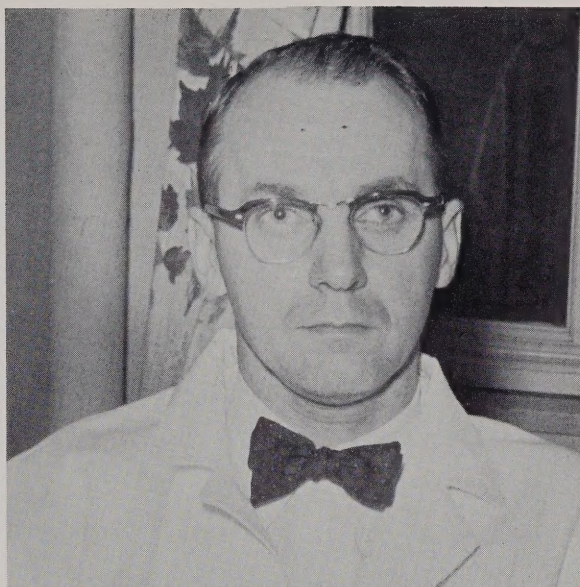


DR. JOHN L. CAUGHEY
Associate Dean

To participate in the "phase program" has been an enlightening and profitable experience for the class of '59. For its inception, we are indebted to Dean Joseph T. Wearn, who brought a new and stimulating system of medical education to Western Reserve, and whose efforts have made the program a subject of national interest and respect. For its successful implementation, we are indebted to Associate Dean John L. Caughey, who as evaluator, counselor, and friend of the student, has made the journey smooth and enjoyable, and who has directed it toward exciting goals. It is hoped that the enthusiasm and vigor invested in their labors will be reflected in the achievements of the class of 1959.

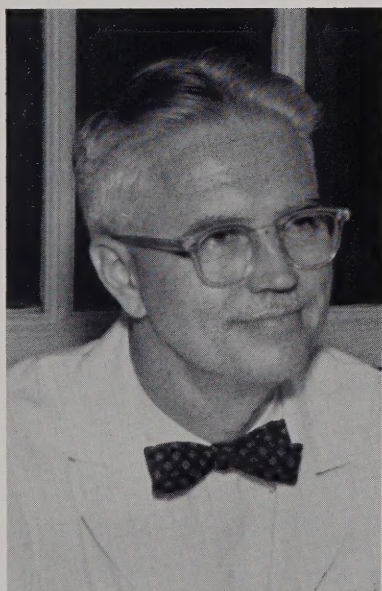


DR. SHERWIN J. COOPERSTEIN
Assistant Dean



DR. ROBERT F. WILLIAMS
Assistant Dean

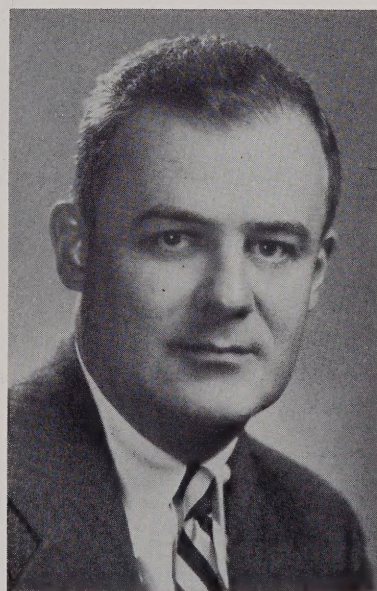
So small a space cannot adequately contain the praise due those pictured here. We are indebted to Assistant Deans, Sherwin J. Cooperstein and Robert F. Williams, for their excellent administration of the preclinical and clinical programs respectively, to Drs. T. Hale Ham and Frederick C. Robbins, who as consecutive chairmen of the committee on medical education have constantly monitored and improved the educational system, and finally to Miss Ruth P. Horr, who has efficiently and pleasantly solved our many problems.



DR. T. HALE HAM



MISS RUTH P. HORR



DR. F. C. ROBBINS

FOREWORD

Metaplasia, metamorphosis, growth and development - whatever we call it - we, the class of '59, have changed profoundly. Four years ago most of us had only enthusiasm for learning, scientific curiosity, and the desire to serve society. Now we have completed four years of concentrated education and training. Each of us has developed new attitudes, abilities, and ideas. In whatever way we have changed, however, we must retain these qualities of enthusiasm, curiosity, and service.

In accepting the degree of Doctor of Medicine, we have accepted not only the responsibility for the care of the sick, but in addition, the responsibility for continuing our education. We hope that by recalling the places and personalities involved in our medical training, this book will help each of us to retain the basic attitudes we have formed and will encourage us to follow the advances of medicine and to deepen our understanding of people.

-The Staff

A black and white photograph of the ornate entrance to the Western Reserve University School of Medicine. The entrance features a large, dark-framed double door with glass panels. Above the door is a decorative pediment with the text "WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE". The entrance is flanked by two large, ornate columns and topped with a decorative pediment. The building is made of light-colored stone or brick. The entrance is reached by a set of steps. On either side of the steps are large, ornate urns.

WESTERN RESERVE
UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

THE CLASS OF 1959



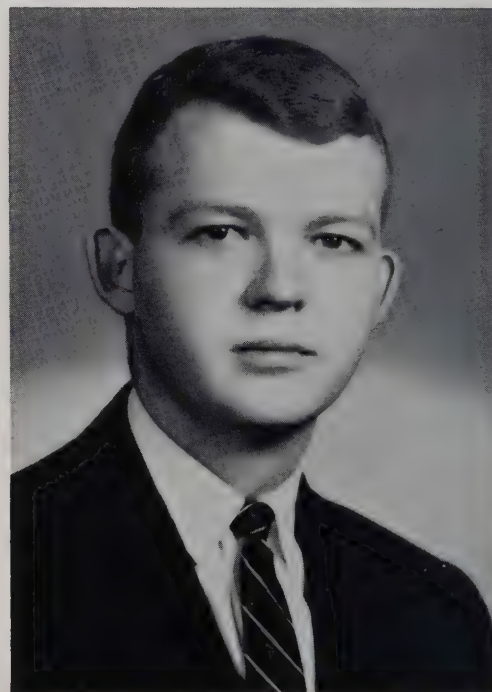
WILLIAM H. ALBERS



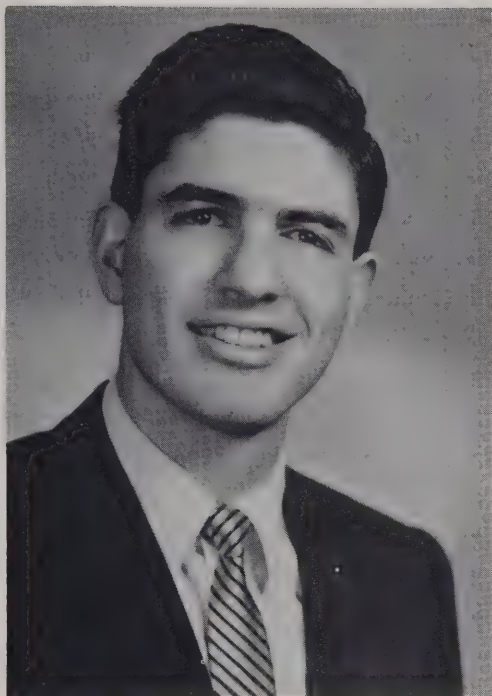
RONALD A. ANDREE



SEYMOUR BAKERMAN



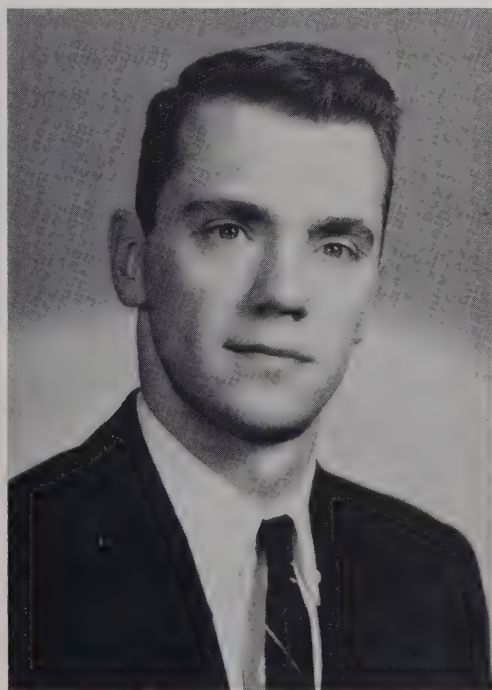
J. RICHARD BARINGER



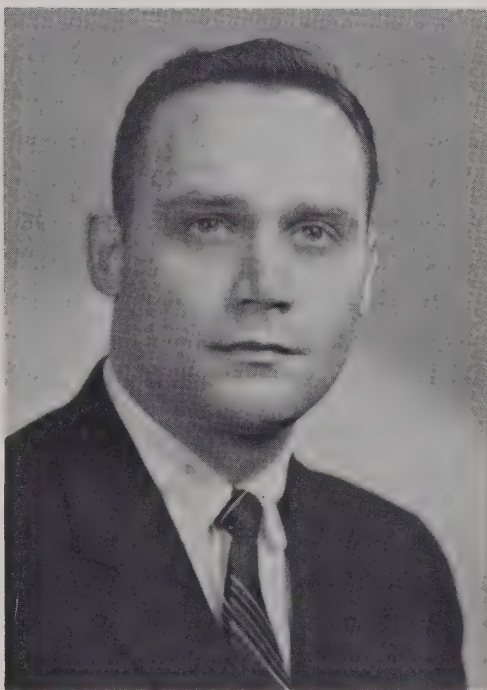
FREDERIC BASS



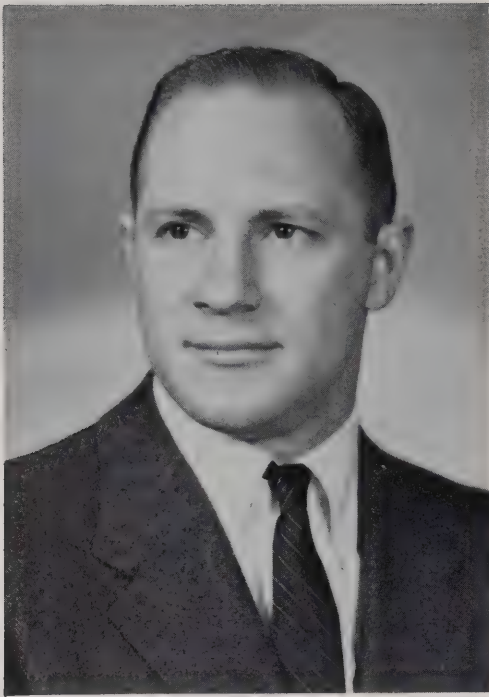
NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD



GEORGE W. BOLL



ANDREW W. BOTSCHNER



J. RICHARD BRIGGS



JAMES H. BUTT, II



JULIAN H. CAPPS, II



DENNIS J. CARLSON



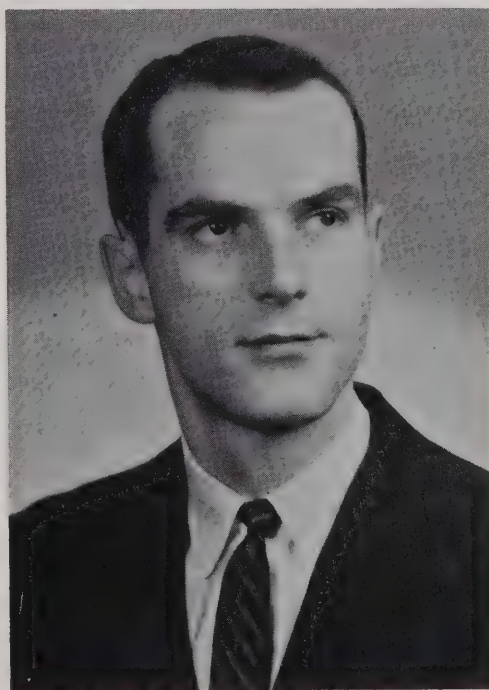
JACKSON J. CLEMMONS



LAURENCE H. COFFIN, JR.



ROBERTA R. COFFIN



I. JOHN DAVIES



ALLEN E. DOAN



EDWARD F. DOEHNE, III



RICHARD L. DUNN



RICHARD E. ELLIS



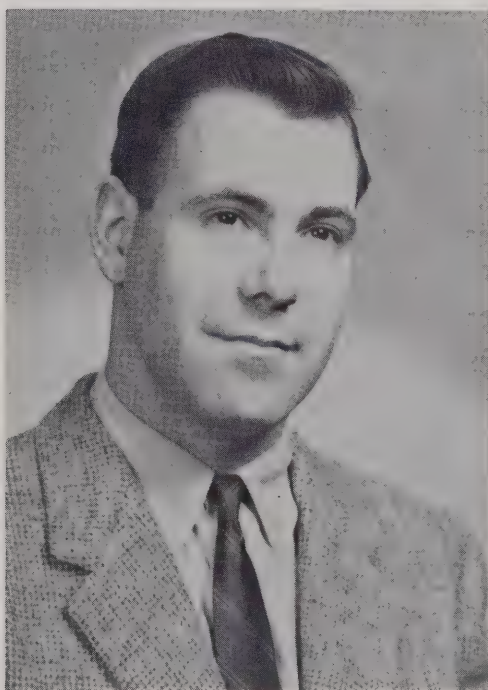
HERBERT D. FRIEDLANDER



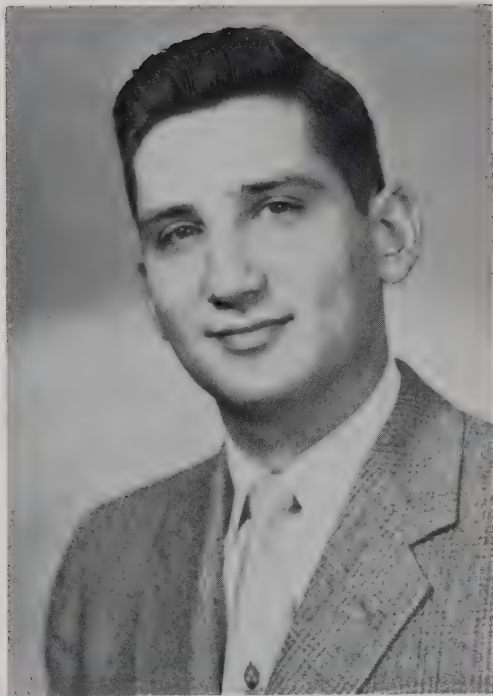
JOSEPH W. GLUHMAN



PETER J. GOLDBLATT



NORTON J. GREENBERGER



BERNARD I. GROSSER



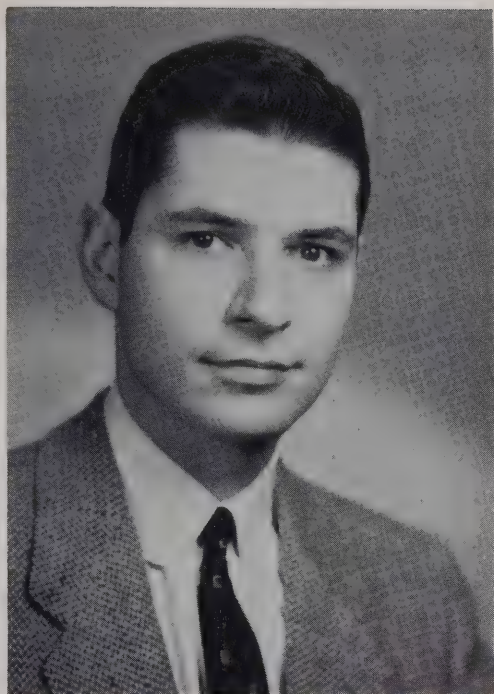
EMMY LOU HEIMAN



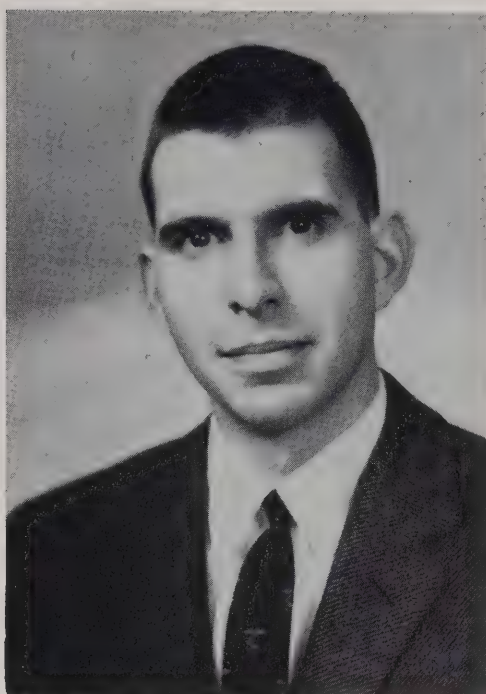
JACK A. HENDERSON



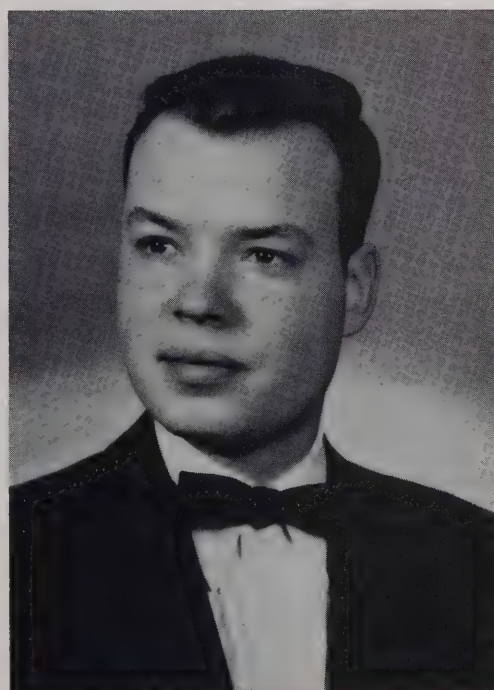
DANIEL D. HOSTETLER



DONALD W. JUNGLAS



ROBERT H. KELLY



ALAN E. KEWISH



ARTHUR F. KOHRMAN



PAUL S. LAVIK



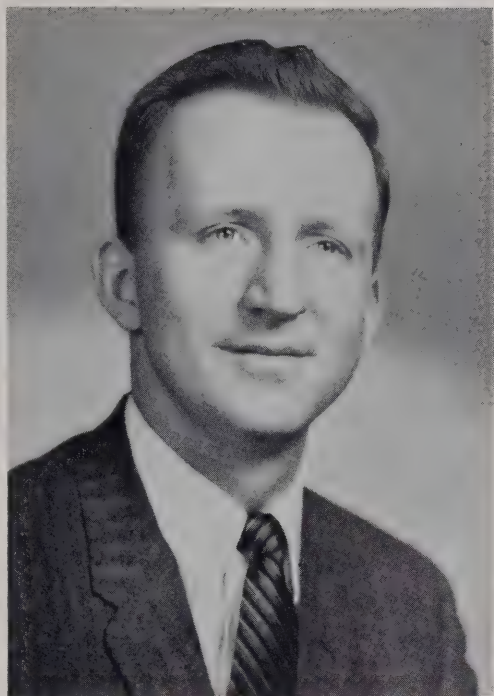
MARY E. LEMMON



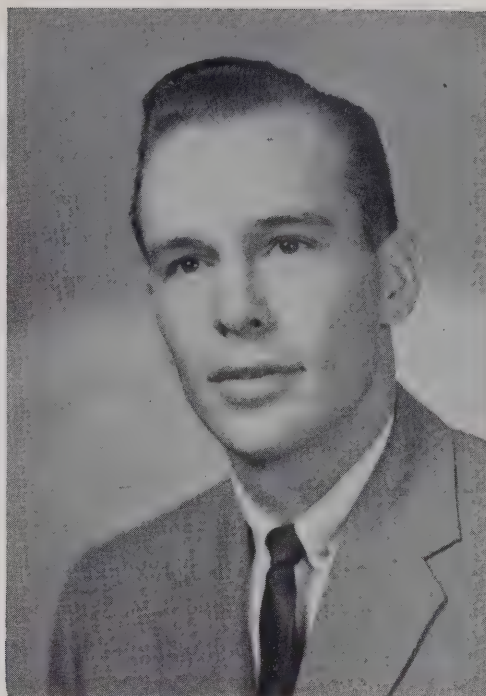
BERNARD LEVEY



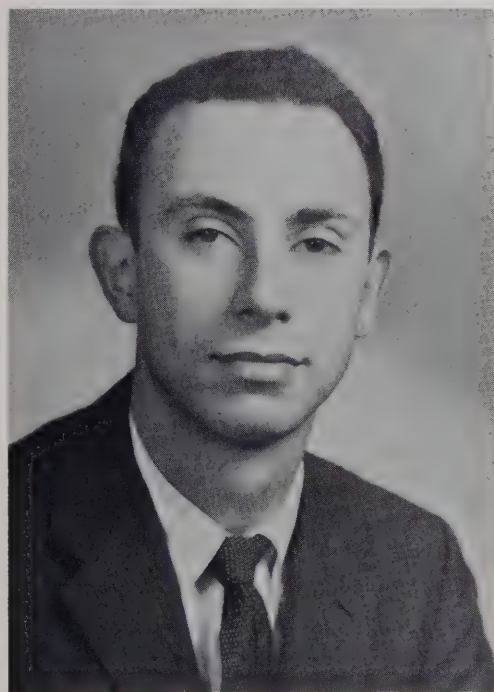
MART MANNIK



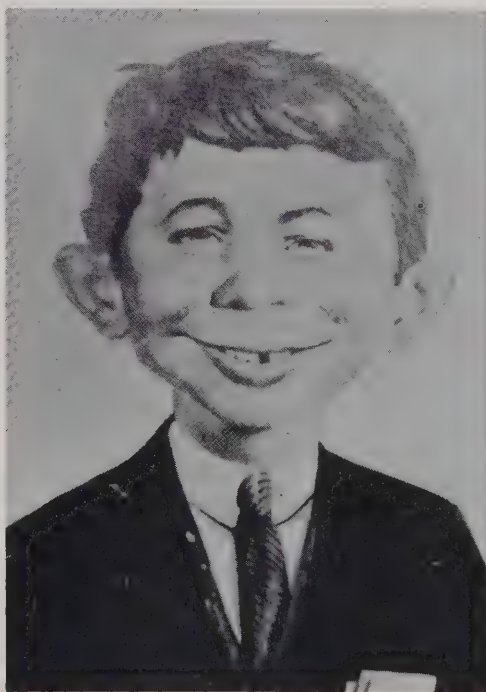
ROBERT W. MERWIN, JR.



EDWARD H. MORRIS



DeMAURICE MOSES, JR.



ALFRED E. NEUMAN



KERMIT L. NEWCOMER



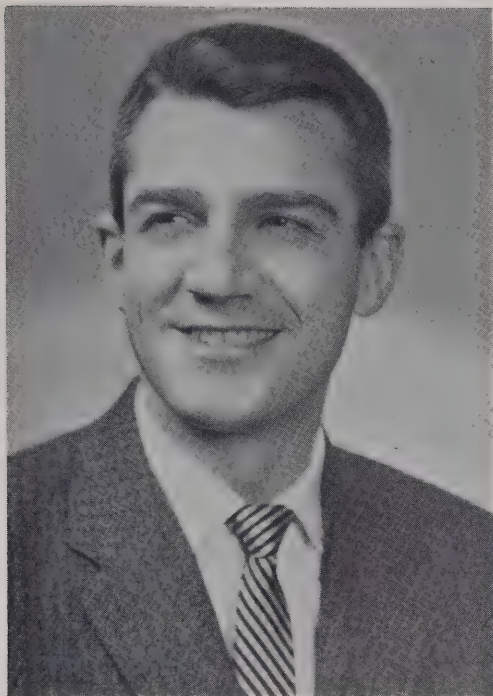
JOHN JEFFREY NICHOLAS



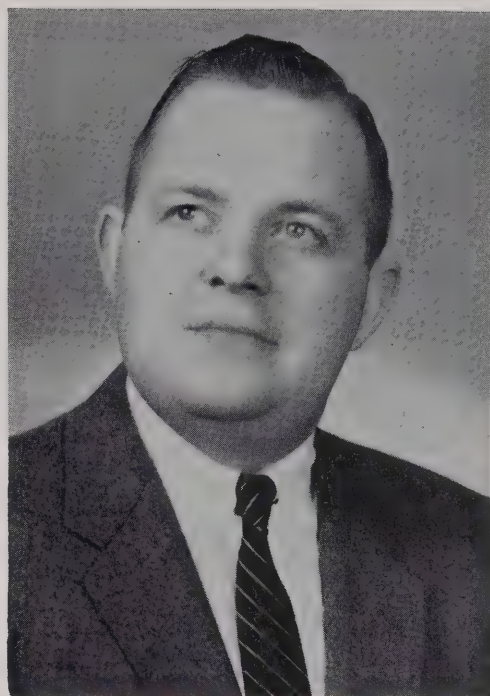
ROBERT S. ORT



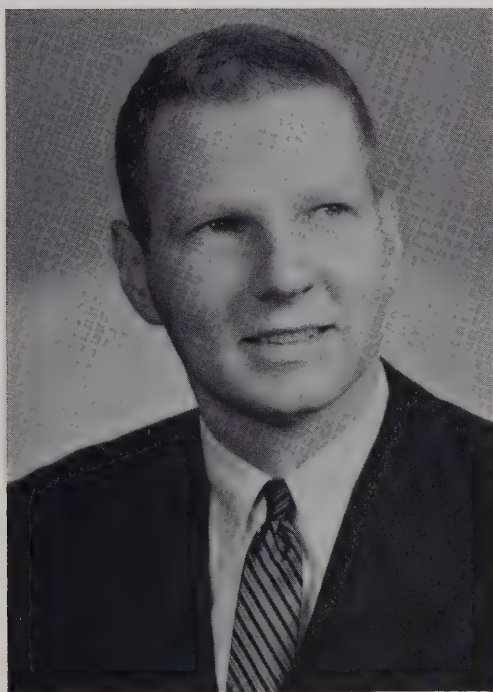
JUDITH H. PFEFFER



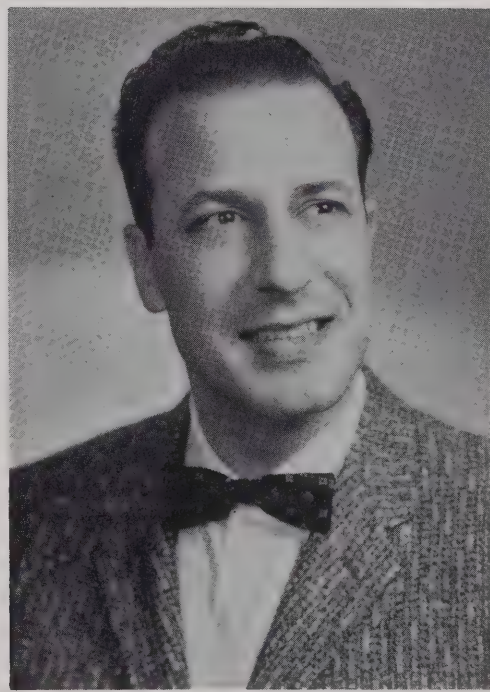
DONALD T. QUICK



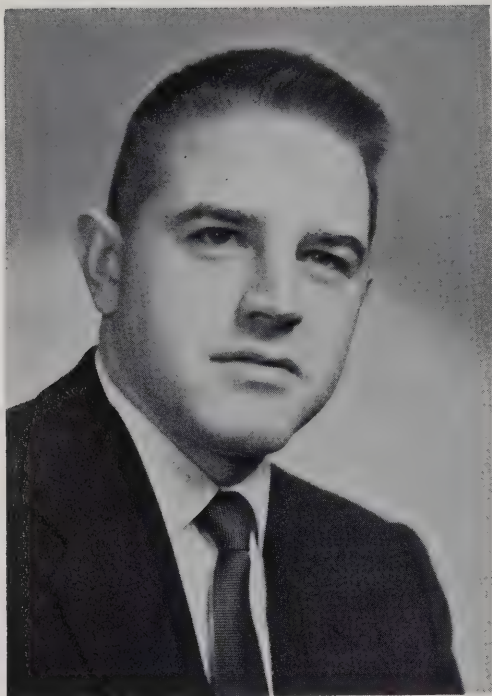
GEORGE B. RANKIN



STEWART R. REUTER



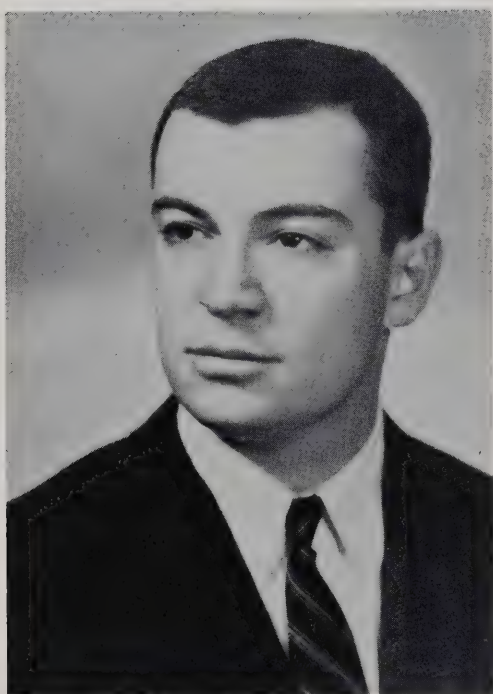
SALVATORE G. RIZZO



H. A. ROSENE, JR.



THOMAS D. SAURWEIN



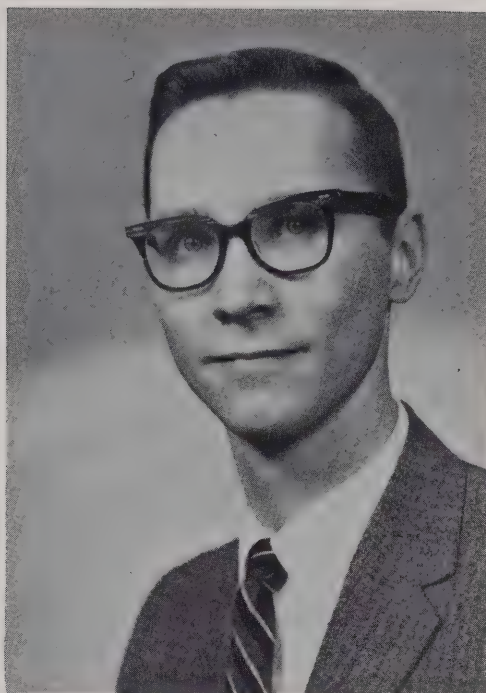
HARLEY E. SCHEAR



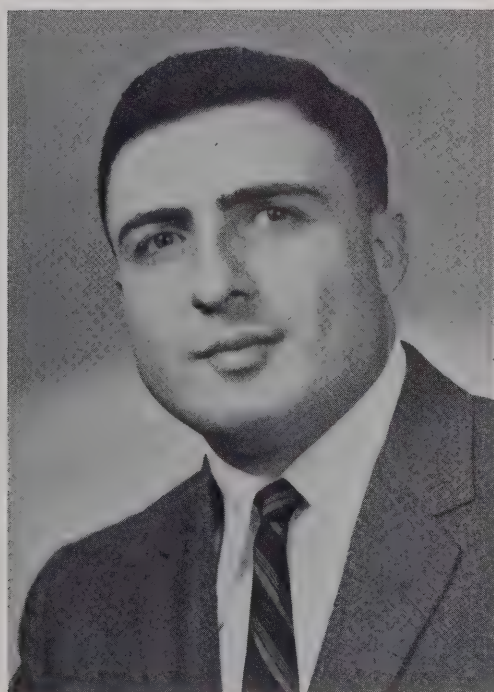
ROBERT E. SCHOTZ



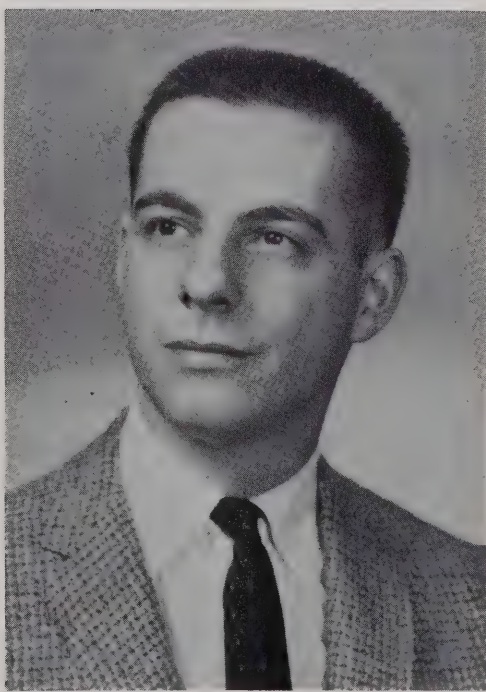
LAWRENCE J. SCHREIBER



EDWARD T. SCHROEDER



JOSEPH SCIARROTTA



MARK B. SHAFFER, JR.



IVAN E. SHALIT



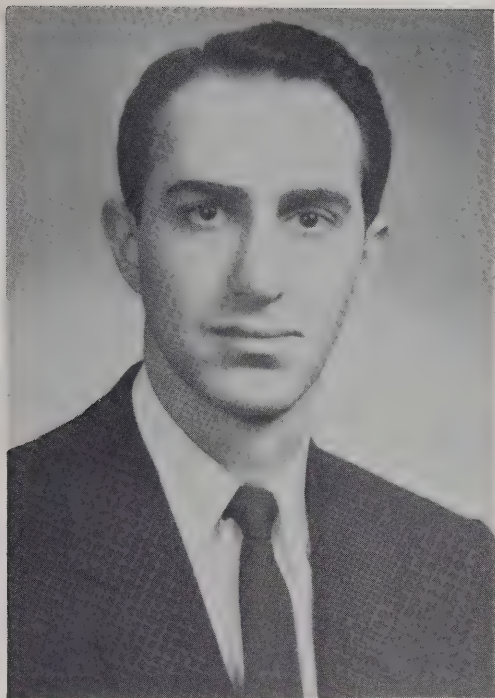
GAIUS J. SLOSSER, II



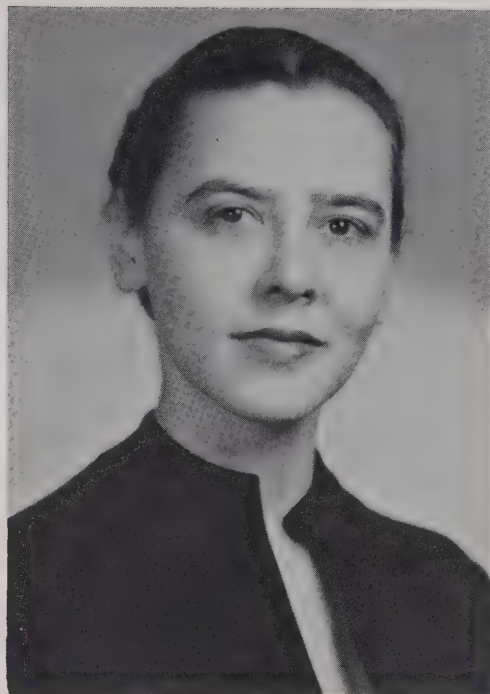
SANFORD SUMMERS



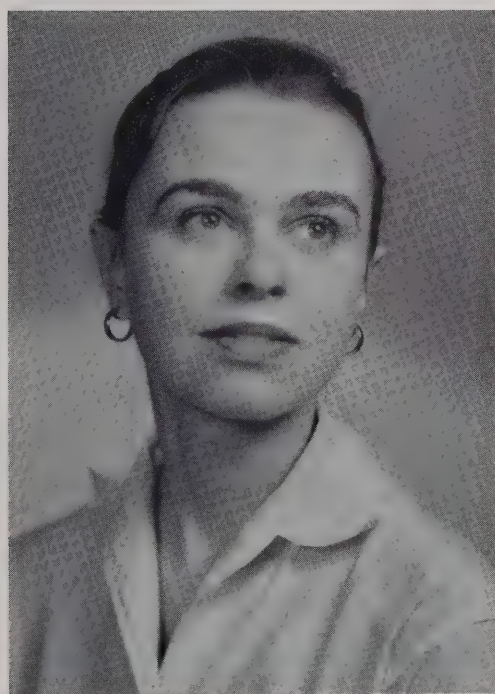
GEORGE P. SWEDA



JOSEPH P. THOMAS



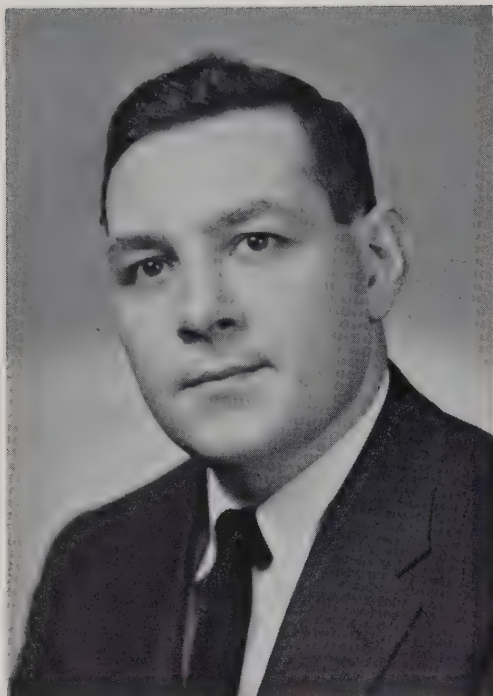
MARY JANE TOMPKINS



PAULA A. TRYGSTAD



CARL W. TYLER, JR.



J. BLAIR WEBSTER



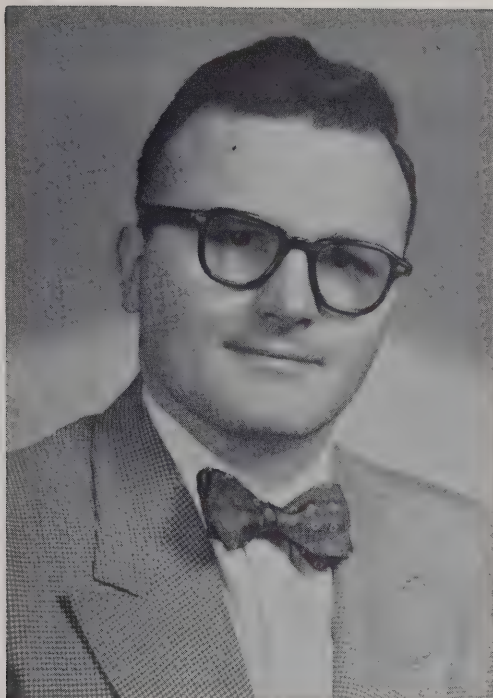
WOLFGANG O. WEIGERT



EDWARD C. WHITE



JEAN-PIERRE WILLIAMS



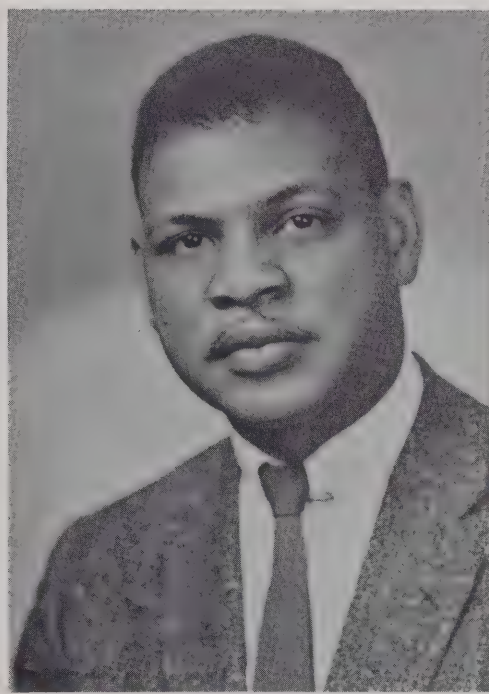
DANIEL W. WINGARD



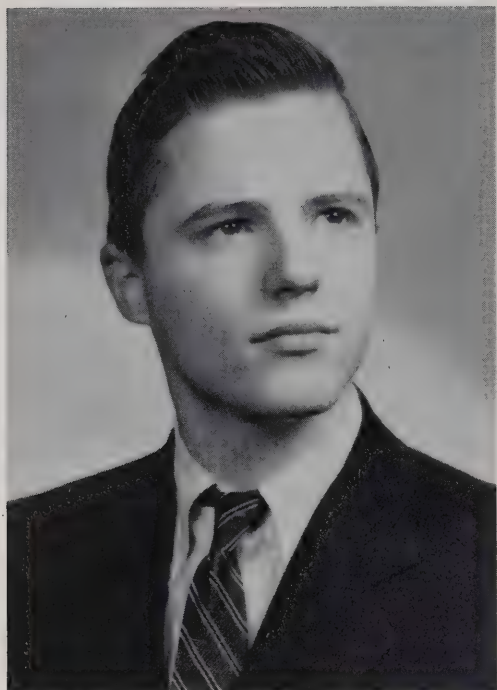
JAMES D. WISMAR



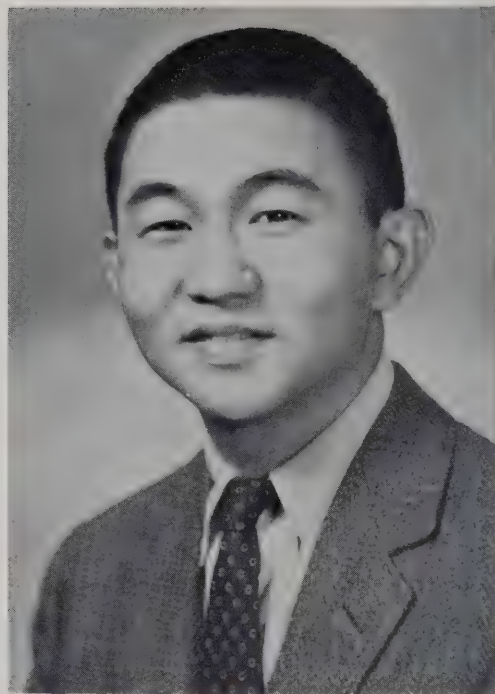
JOSEPH J. WITYK



DON H. WOOD



THOMAS W. WYKOFF



FRANK M. YATSU

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Ivan Shalit, Vice President; Carl Tyler, President; Dick Dunn, Secretary-Treasurer; Al Doan, Student Council Rep.





FROM THE HILLS AND FROM THE VALLEYS

--Donald T. Quick

PART I

From the hills and from the valleys,
From the towns and from the cities,
From the farmlands wide expanses,
From the mountain's soaring reaches,
From the tables down at Morie's,
From the halls and rooms of Ivy,
From the smaller western schools
Wooster, Oberlin, DePauw
Antioch and Allegheny,
Reed, Reserve and Wesleyan,
From the lands across the oceans,
From the continents of Europe,
From the far expanse of Asia,
Came we strangers to the city,
Standing vast beside the waters
In the northeast of Ohio,
City founded long before us
By the fathers of the nation.

To the temple built for learning,
Learning of the art that calls us,
Calls us from the million others,
Born and raised a generation
Of the thirties darkened decade,
Came we strangers to the temple
Dedicated to the art of healing,
Soothe the suffering, mend the broken,
Raise the spirit of the weary,
Aid the needy, ease the dying,
Guide the mother in her labour
As she bears the wondrous child
From its tiny cozy palace
To the cold and harsher reaches
Of the world's wide wintry wastes.
Marked by time's unceasing progress
Past the milestones of the centuries,
Life and death, unceasing drama.

Early in our four year vigil
Burned the candles long past midnight,
Eagerly our minds and fingers
Traced the pathways of the blood cells
In their long and arduous journey
Through the tunnels of the vessels;
Traced the tiny glucose fragments
Through the glycolytic pathway
Route of Embden and of Cori.
By the fatty acid cycle
Saw the warning of the ketones
Learnt the mystery of the purines
ATP and Lohmann factor
Amino acids, carbon fragments
Hexosemonophosphate shunt.
From the limpid frog leg hanging
To the cannulated veins
Of the dogs that mutely served us
As we strived for thought and wisdom,
Passed before our wondering eyes
Through a microscopic lens
Platelets, fibroblasts and polys
Casts and neurons, endless chain.

Marked the watches with the interns
Saw the miracle of birth
Followed from the newborn nursery
To the Clinic in the basement
Of the building for the children;
There our learning was before us
Into childhoods sturdy pattern
Lovingly our infants watched
Helped with needle and with bottle,
For the first steps strong and brave
Were a milestone that we passed
Infants shoes with students cast.

WE CLIMB ABOARD

I was shipwrecked before I got aboard
-Seneca

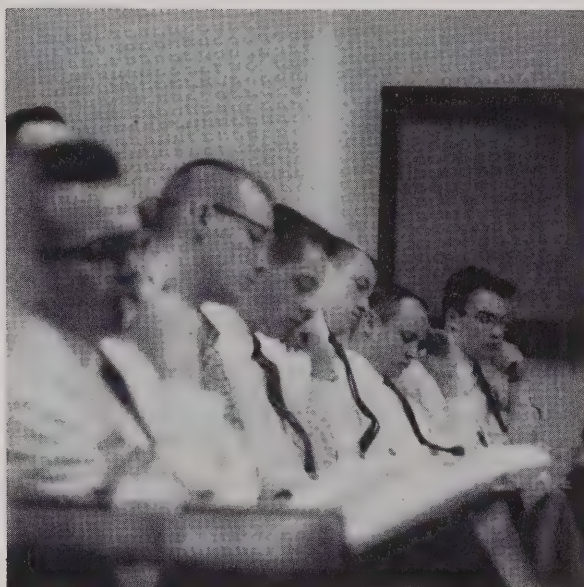
Our first exposure to medical education began with long, but carefree, days of orientation. Orientation week seemed to many to be a week spent by the faculty in convincing us that our decision to go to this school was indeed a good one. It was apparently not clear to them that at this late date, come what may, we were neither in a position to resign nor to disagree. Whatever its effect orientation made us reasonably certain 1) that we were very ready to start classes, and 2) that every other man in the class had at least a Ph.D. in biochemistry (intervening seats occupied only by those jangling Phi Beta Kappa keys).

Orientation was very interesting.

It is a comfort to the unhappy to have companions in misery

-Spinoza

Concurrent with orientation by day was disorientation by night as we learned of the fraternities. Medical fraternities were grand places and we enjoyed well those nights of wanton popularity and free beer. Hardly were we to know that this would be one of the last occasions either ourselves or the lodge members would be under the same roof again for another twelve months until another rushing season. It mattered not at all for we learned each others names and drinking habits and formed the nidus of many sustaining friendships. We realized that our inordinate popularity was enhanced by the need, real enough, to keep the fraternities solvent from year to year, and that all too soon our undergraduate ideas of fraternity life would change, but at the time, neither were very important.



Dr. Robbins at the AKK house.

-Guillame de Salluste

EMBEDEN
MEYERHOFF
PLOT

CUTTY SARK

3 ATP $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

6-PHOSPHO BUDWEISER

ATP $\uparrow \downarrow$

FRUCTOSE DI FRUCTOSE

BOND BREAD
BUDWEISER
BUTTER

H_2O \rightarrow "X"

DDTH
 $+ 2H^+$

FRUCTOSE-DI-GLUCOSE

DIHYDRO-OXYGEN \longleftrightarrow WATER

Mg^{++}
 Na^+ \downarrow PHOSPHO-SODA

SALINE

OBERLIN

DPNH $+ 2H^+$

PHOSPHO ENOL EMBIDENATE

2 ATP \uparrow

CHICAGO $+ 2H^+$

MEYERHOFFVILLE

NEW YORK

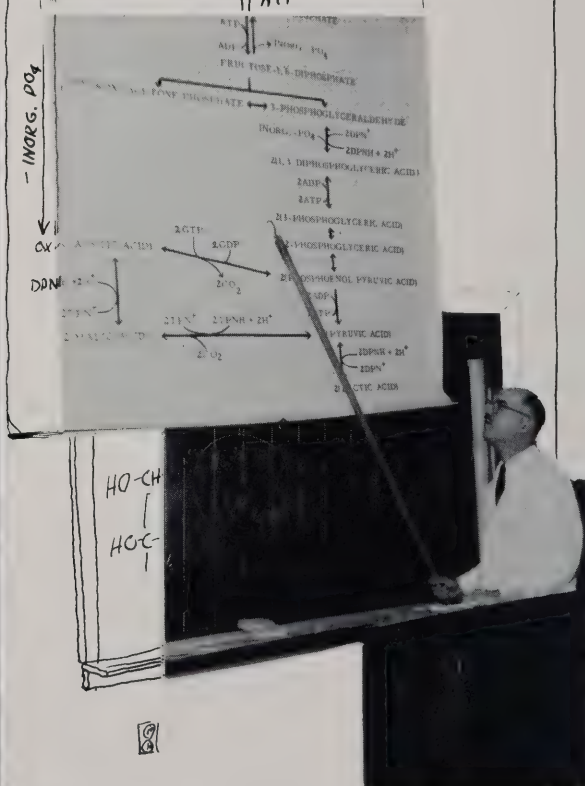
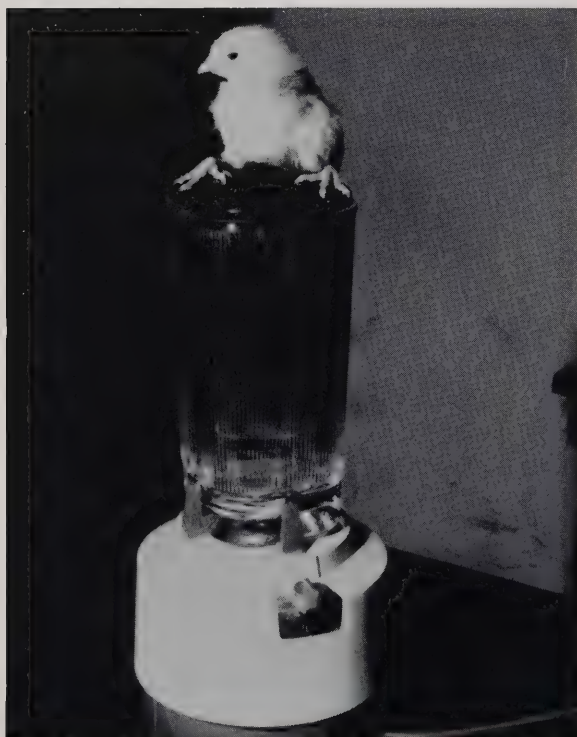
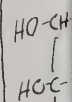
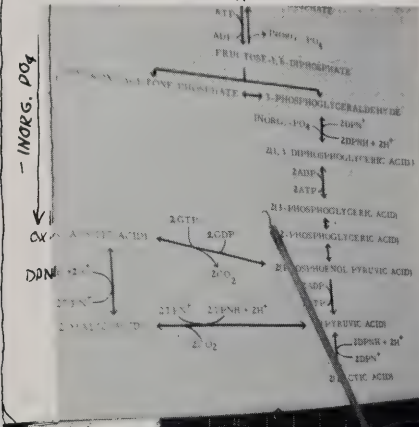
PHILADELPHIA

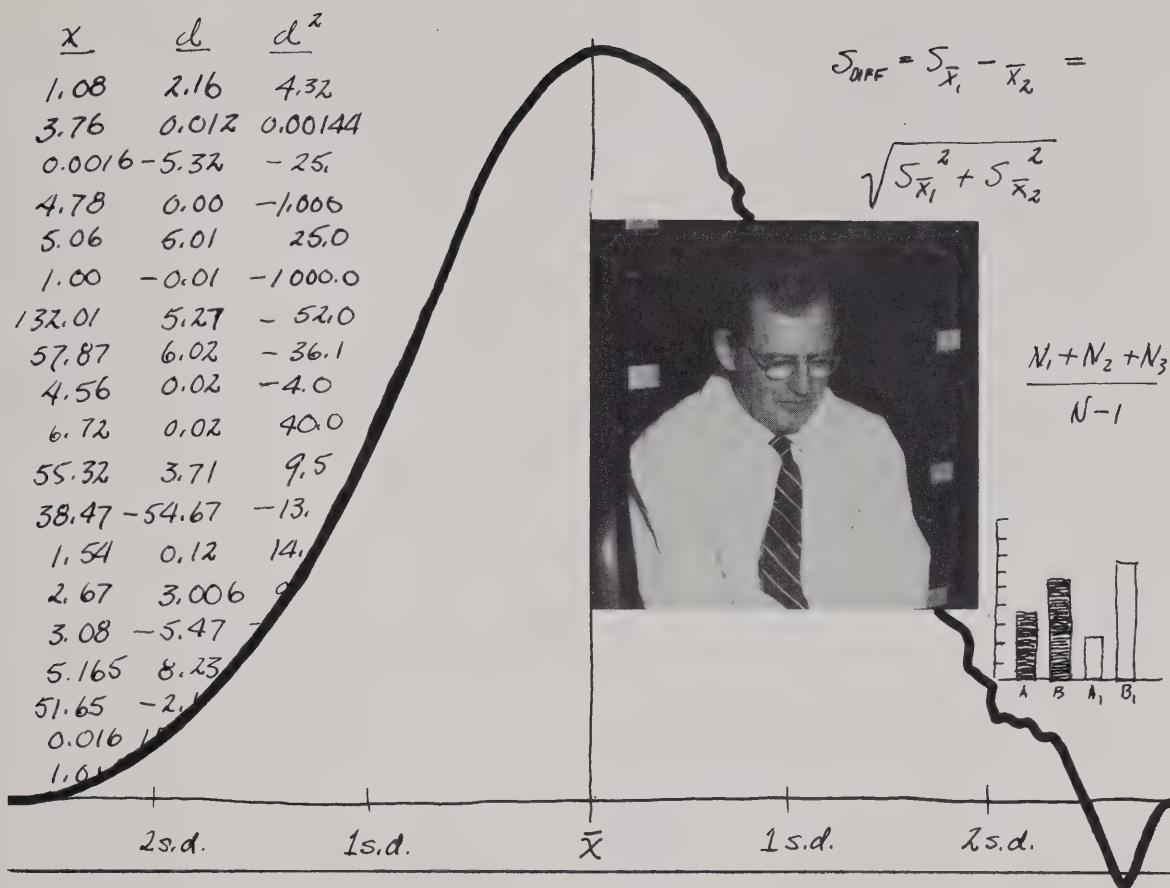
BOSTON

CLEVELAND

OBERLIN

ATP \uparrow





The methods of statistics are so variable
and uncertain

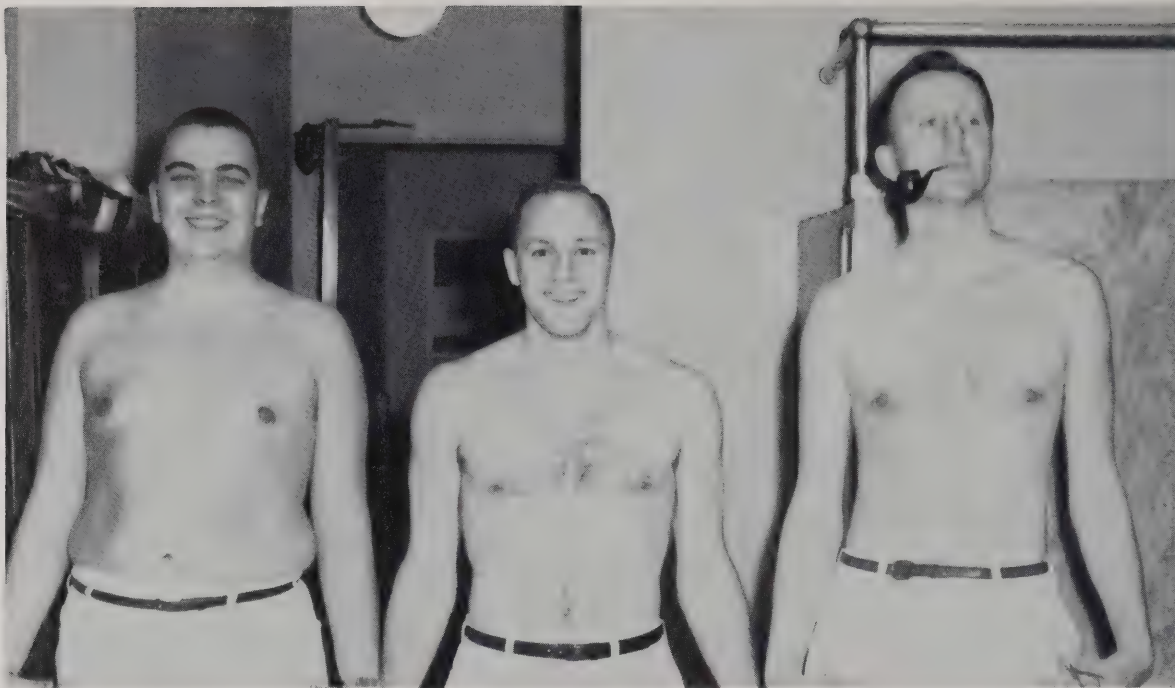
-Havelock Ellis

Yes, yes, Mr. Ellis. Many of us thought just about the same. Nonetheless we learned about the median, the mean, the range and who belonged to whose population. We had a bit of fun at the expense of this science and the men who taught us; probably somewhat out of proportion, for we found that statistics sometimes became guide lights to treatment in the latter two years. Many of us leaned heavily on statistics in our theses perhaps proving that a clever man may lie skillfully with statistics or make an incredibly derived figure look respectable with the garnish of a standard error.

TABLE 1

Distribution of 125 medical students according to whether or not they went to Minnillo's prior to examinations and whether or not they passed the examination.

	Results of examination			Proportion passing
	Passed	Failed	Total	
Went to Minnillo's	115	5	120	0.958
Did not go (We found very few)	1	4	5	0.200
Total	116	9	125	0.928



"...round, square, stringy..."

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
-Shakespeare

There was yet another discipline we were to study and study again. We found, indeed, that men might be round, square, stringy, and that, with a certain squint, we might play the game as well. Life, by now, was interesting. " X^2 , 7-1-1, 2-5-2, ATP, IMP, DNP, FAD, high-energy PO_4 ." If nothing else of reassurance, we were learning a new language. It seemed reasonable to suggest that it would be a year yet before we could speak the language with insight.



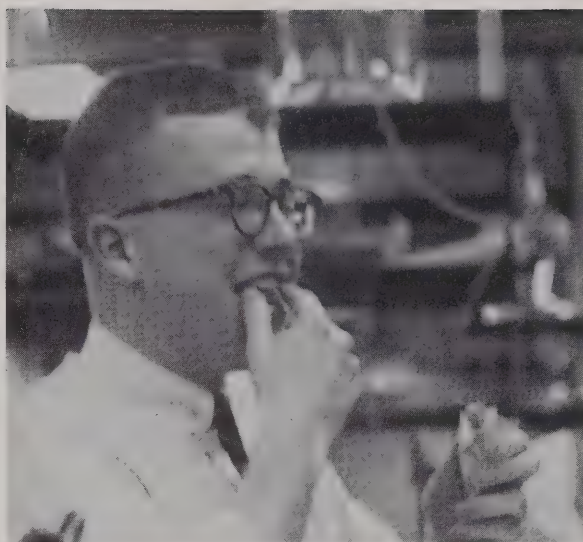
DR. C. W. DUPERTUIS



According to your weight, you should be nine feet,
six inches tall.

By this time we were informed we were not, as a class, altogether the finest of fellows, for the dean appeared and told us it was not quite splendid to come late to the front of the room in lectures or, worse yet, to come late eating breakfast EN ROUTE. Some people quit coming altogether. This storm, like many to come, was well weathered.

Who is to bell the Cat?
It is easy to propose
impossible remedies.
-Aesop



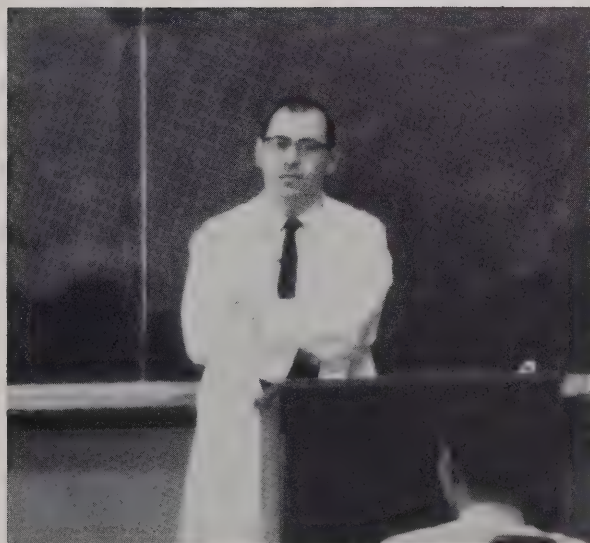
Ya gotta eat sometime.

The very youngest of the Phase cadets began the attack on problems of medical education already apparent. The effectiveness of such straightforward discussion was apparent when almost a year to the day later, Dr. Caughey appeared to tell us that the lower "n th" would be identified on the interims. We accepted this pronouncement gracefully after a few months of residual agitation.

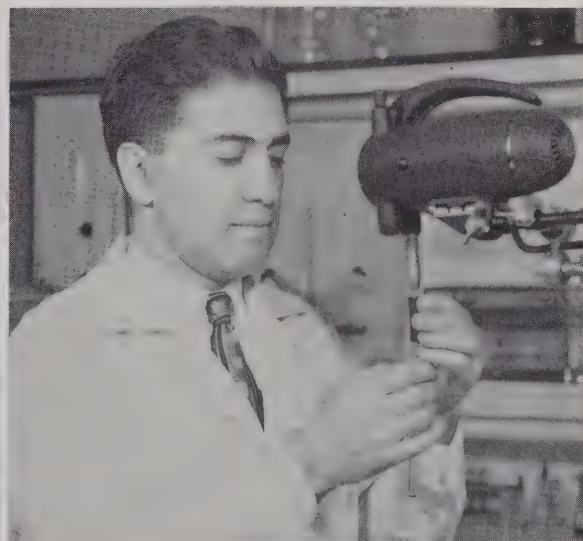
Old age is by nature rather talkative.
-Cicero



Ah, I'm awake again!



O.K., who threw the beer can?



Wish I had an olive...



DR. M. F. UTTER



DR. W. F. H. M. MOMMAERTS



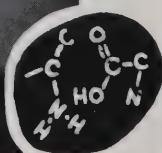
DR. H. Z. SABLE



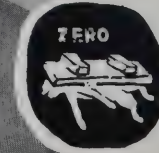
We learned quickly that there were teachers and research scientists, and that the Creator had not always gifted each symmetrically. This, too, was of no consequence for, like it or not, the man speaking at the front of the room, in a few weeks' time, would be questioning us on the material in spite of or because of the fact that WE did not consider some things all THAT important.



DR. G. SAYERS



DR. H. G. WOOD



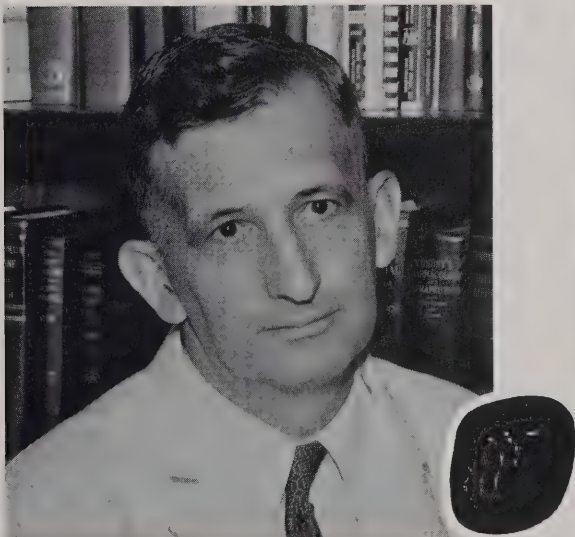


The Honor System at Work

If this is the best possible of worlds,
what then of the others?

-Voltaire

Our first interim occurred on 11/12/55. This added a new and distinctive hue to medical education. We learned quickly that the best way to study for such exams was either to know everything or else to have a well-defined prejudice about the subject as viewed through the lecturers' eyes. In either case, the interims served as a reasonable excuse for a party. "To-night with wine drown care." -Horace. These parties dwindled rapidly, for soon we found either we could barely stay awake through one beer, or else our wives objected to our carousing ways. Generally, the night after an interim meant sorting out scraps of notes, planning new notebooks, emptying wastebaskets, minding the babies...things from which we had excused ourselves heretofore.



DR. H. HIRSCHMANN



But he said not to learn this!

EVERYTHING'S READY FOR THE BABY

Anon. Ancient War Cry



Jerry Jones and Dr. Benjamin Spock (left to right).

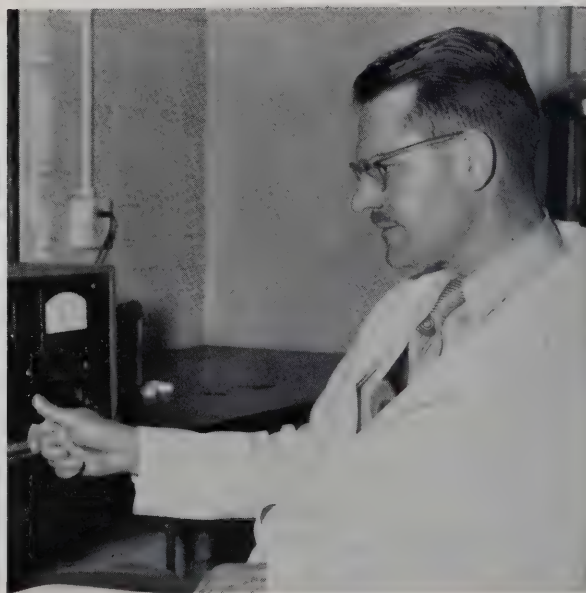
We weren't. The Family Clinic, after much fanfare, appeared in our lives. This experience, we were to learn, was to be spent half in learning something by doing, half in waiting to learn something by doing, and half in writing reports about waiting or doing or both.

It is better, of course, to know useless things than to know nothing.

-Seneca

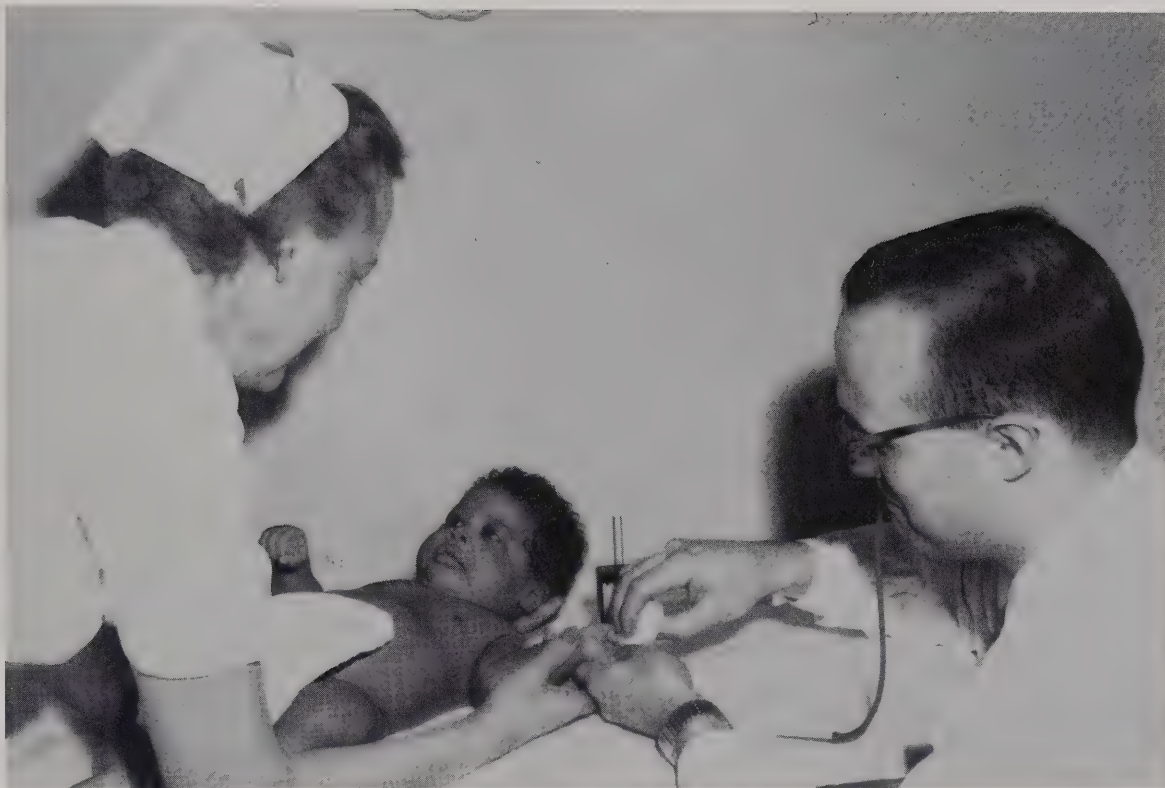


DR. J. H. KENNEL



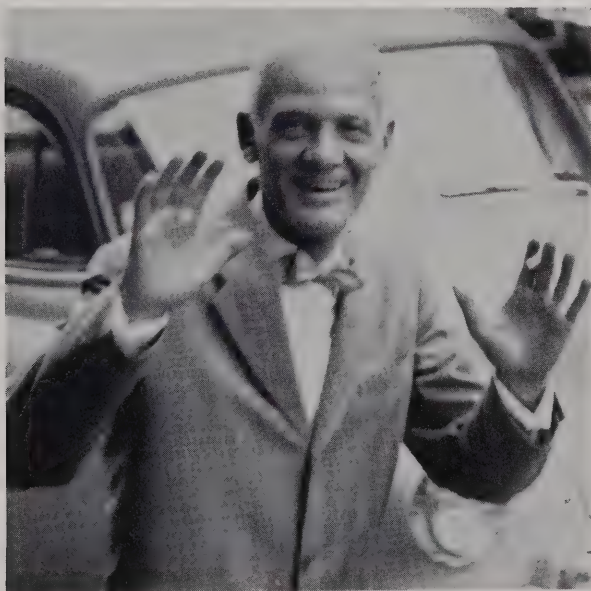
DR. E. O. HARPER

What do I do if he cries?



We found ourselves as pediatricians, filling the void in clinical knowledge with enormous details about how unusual a normal family can be. We learned a great deal from this experience at the time. It is perhaps difficult in retrospect to see that. Too much of a good thing is a bad thing...chanted cadets as they scratched their heads looking for problems to present either to their preceptors or the newly-arrived eminent novelist-pediatrician.

Honest, fellas, I don't have a thing to do with Family Clinic.



In any case, as the Family went to the Clinic, so did we. We memorized when to give DPT shots, and how much vitamin A is in Tri-Vi-Sol. We debated long and loud on whether or not a fifty cent piece has any place in the management of umbilical hernia. Our write-ups were so long that our charts soon compared in bulk to those of any cardiac in the Medical OPD. Many of us were dismayed when our screaming monster changed suddenly to an angelic lamb as the pediatrician entered the room. Thus went life across the parking lot.

DEVELOPING CRITICAL JUDGEMENT IN SELF EDUCATION

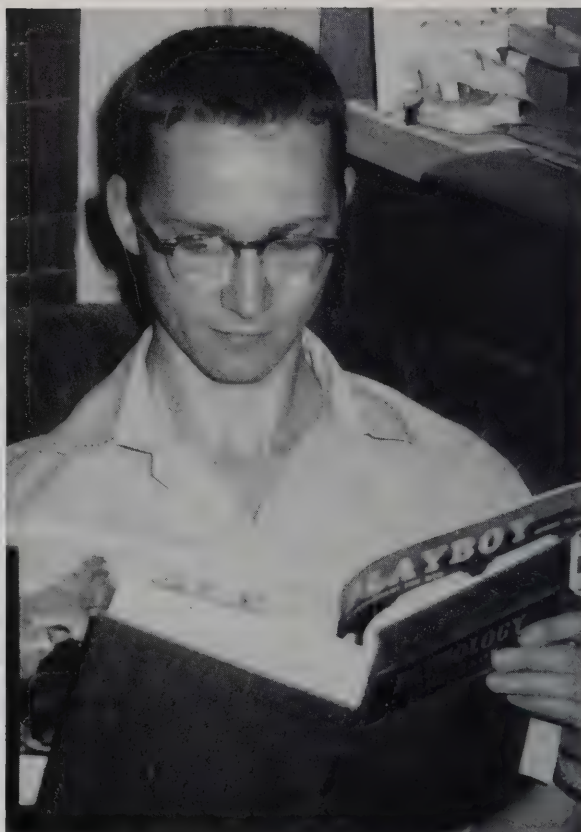
(Bull. WRU School of Medicine)



Phase One presented us with free time and projects. The former never seemed as adequate as it appeared on the schedule, and the latter was as variable as most experiences. " 'The cause of disease,' that's the title, Sir. It may take a summer fellowship to complete." Some washed glassware, some dirtied glassware, some thought. All were to learn that a reasonable fact is a very dear thing indeed to demonstrate. While we were learning facts, our teachers taught us both courtesy and query in accepting basic information. This was to become harder to accept later as facts came faster and more empirically.



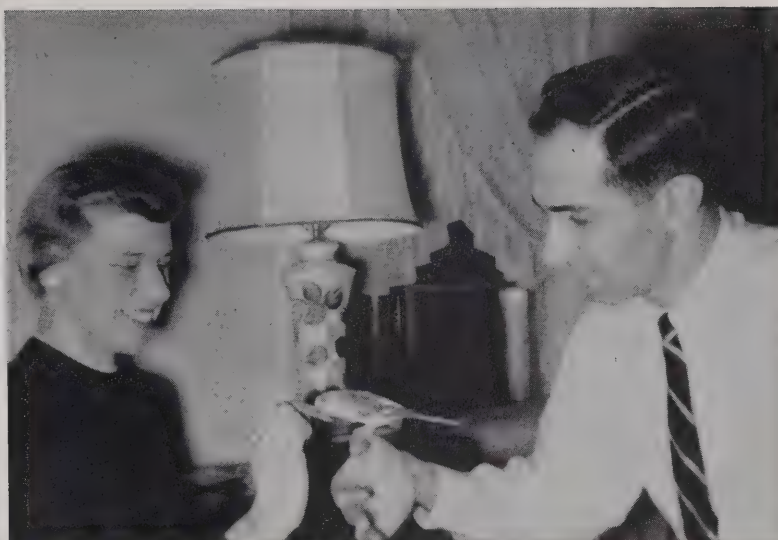
Your roommate's not in, eh?



I knew I'd like this committee.



Sack-rat-osis, acute



He's not hungry - he just ate our pot roast



Let me finish my drink, Harley



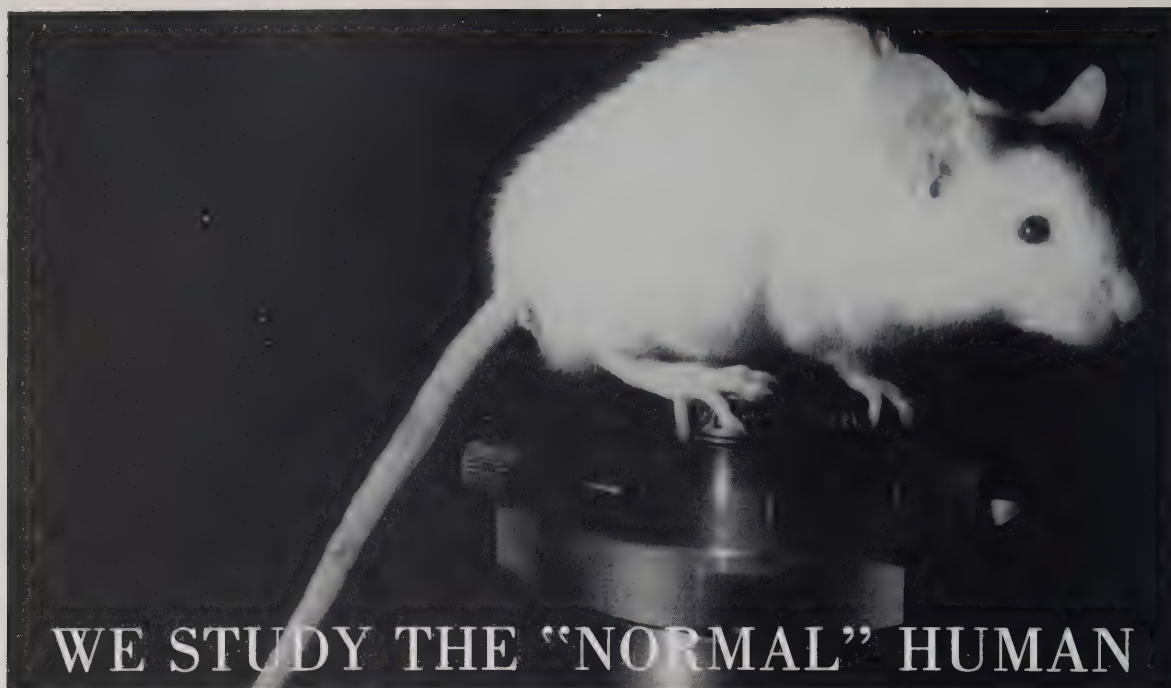
But, I'm all dressed up...



A quiet breakfast at home.

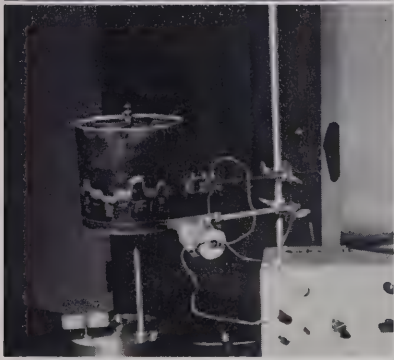
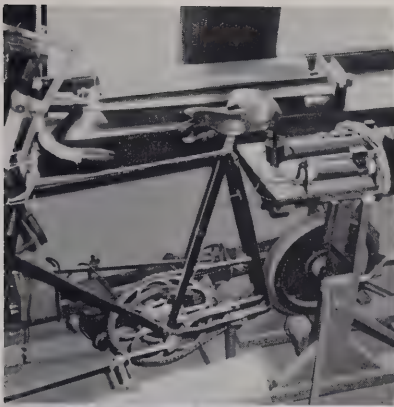


Yes, yes, Brigitte



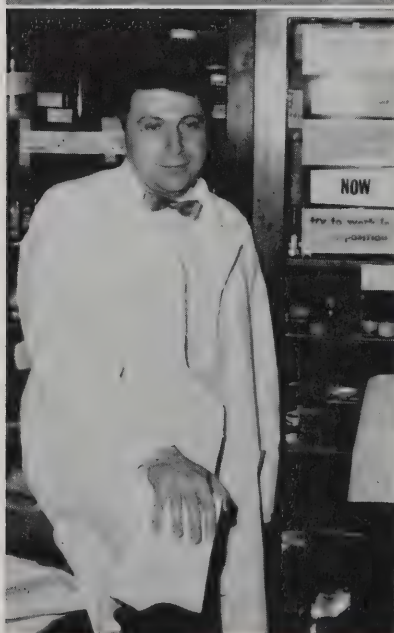
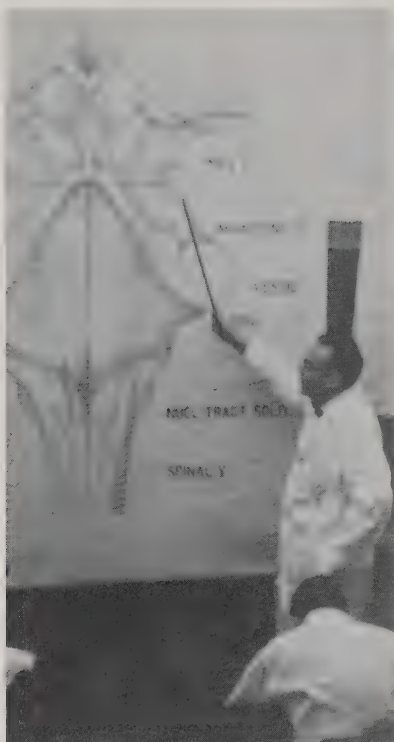
We learned about the "classical" and significant experiments. We performed a few more or less successfully. All of us mastered the smoking of drums, and the vicissitudes of the frog's heart and hind leg. Some were never sure what this had to do with anything. To the majority it taught a humility and pleasant equivocation about facts. This did not seem useful or reassuring at the time in facing the world of men educated at other institutions. It one day was to supercede in a walk the glib digestion and eructation of facts known to cut ice in the test matches of "roundsman ship."





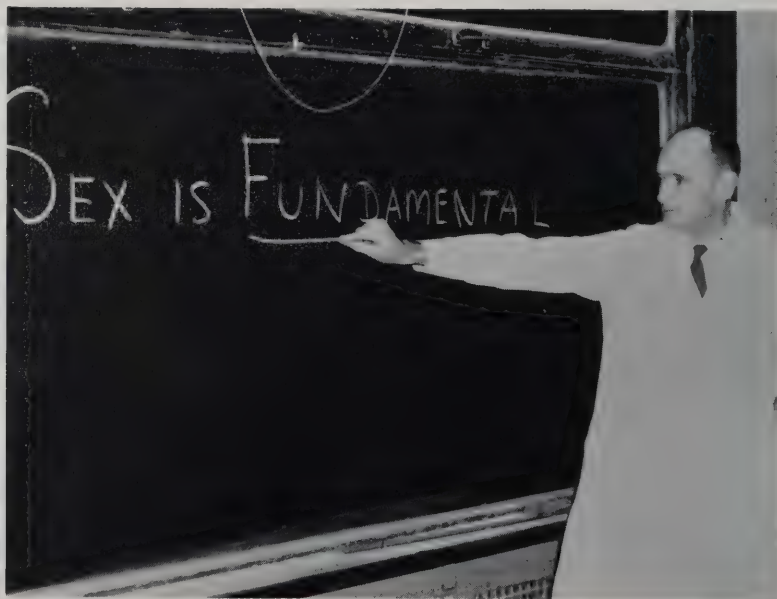
Arts and sciences are not cast in a mould, but are formed and perfected by degrees by often handling and polishing as bears leisurely lick their cubs into form.

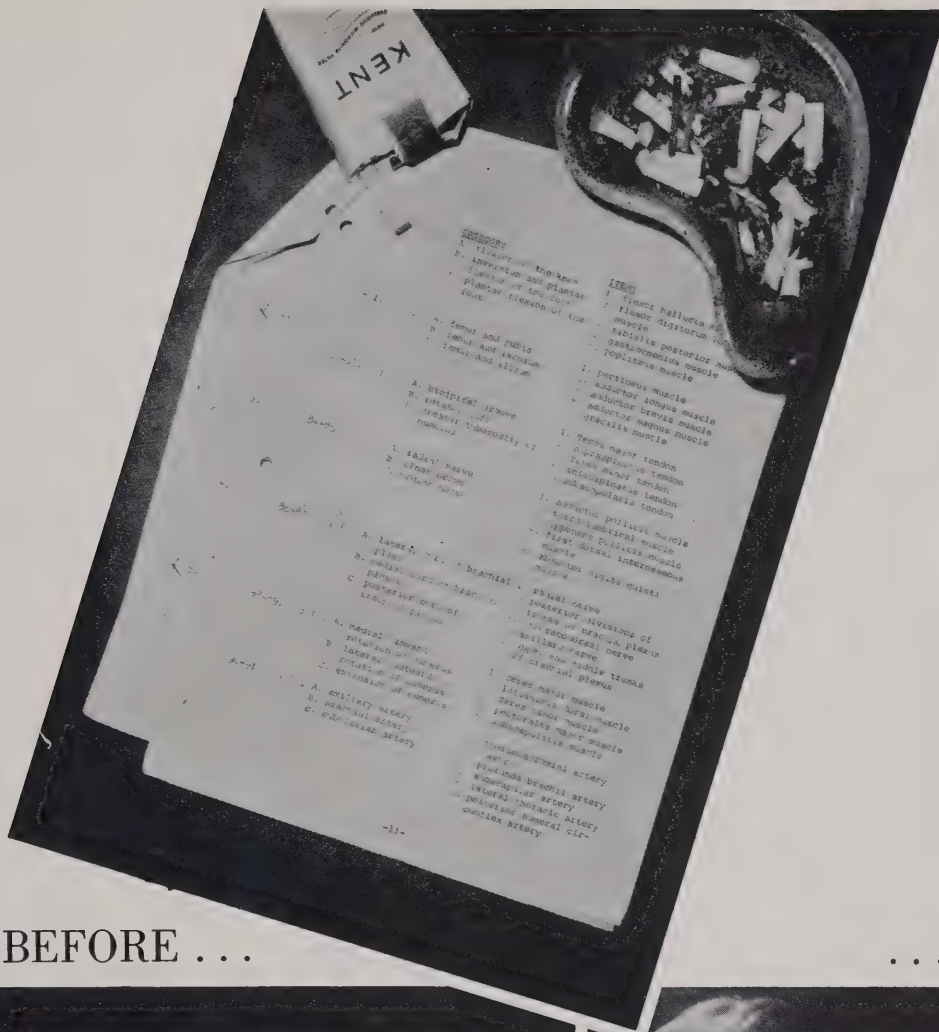
-de Montaigne



We bears forged ahead. "Coop" explained that red was not, in fact, blue and Sable explained that it all really didn't mean anything anyhow. We learned with great courage, to say, "This is a higher magnification of the same thing and, aside from the pink and blue, I still don't know what the hell it is." The year had its high spots... Charles Loesser's review lectures, Dr. Mommaerts on Dalmatians and diving sea mammals, Dr. MacIntyre on subjects feminine, Dr. Cooperstein's friendly reviews, Dr. Berne and heart sounds, and low ebbs... something about sociology.

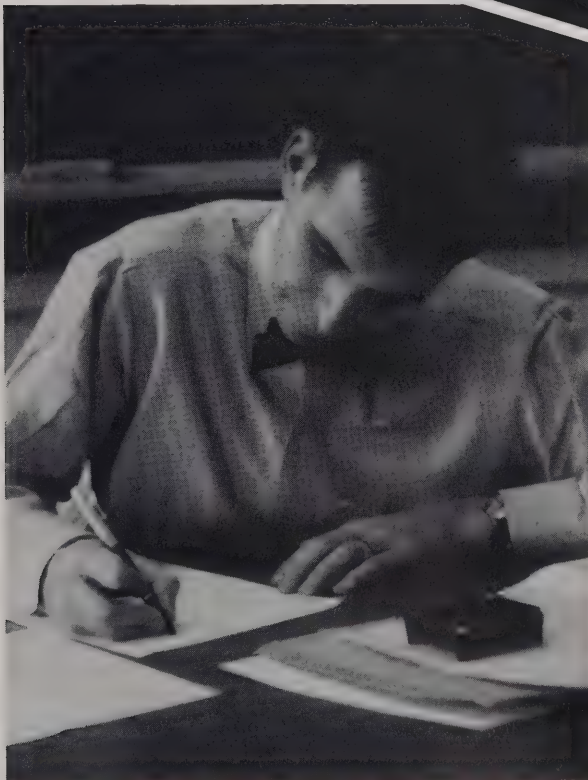
By mid-June we took our Comprehensives (they were!) "A Chinese pheasant ingests 16 grams of C_{14} labelled chow-mein... fed to a lactating Dalmatian... appears in the wheat... fed to a lactating cow... sold for beef... ingested by the baby... where is the label?" "The baby has a cold, the mother has a cold, you have a cold..." Somehow, in all gratitude to our teachers, we were rather glad to have done with it.





BEFORE . . .

. . . AFTER



PART II

For all of us
who made the steep descent
from the lofty fifth floor,
 like fledglings from the
 nest,
Heartened by our test
of strength
with June exams and the first
 hard year of school,
The dark basement tunnels
The long low room
of benches, sinks, screens,
 tissue jars
formalin filled,
 this was a part
of the art
of Medicine.

Pathology.
The grim sight
of the fungating
necrotic
mass in bowel
the stenosed valve
the lung's cavity.
Who is it that cannot recall
The stark reality of early fall
In '56?
Who was not slightly sick
in part
At their first visit to
the morgue?

Day by day
we toiled then,
Sating our thirst
 for knowledge,
With a steady stream of facts
New and old.
Through the months
of cold
winter,
To the spring,

When first we ventured forth,
 black bag in hand,
onto the wards.
Timidly we first
applied our tools
palpated and percussed
listened
and later discussed
our case
with they
who precepted our learning.
Naive and new,
We were yet a size too small
for the
cloak of sophistry
our role
mute mimicry.

Our aches a monstrous symptom
Which covered all disease
We literally imbibed to learn.

But experience shows
Our defenses were stronger
For insight grows
As the days wax longer,
 By summers light
We had won the fight
Of the ageless
sophomore complex.

And our footsteps moved
'long the well worn way
More firmly grooved
We had come to stay,
Inexorably onward by triad
and sign
Saint's and Charcot,
Lasegue, d'Espine.



THEN IT HIT THE FAN

Medicine, to produce health, must examine disease, and music, to create harmony, must investigate discord

-Plutarch

No saying could more neatly pinpoint the attitudes taught at the beginning of Phase Two. We were no longer masters of ourselves or our informations as the committees drove ahead at an ever faster pace and we ever slipped in our encompassing grasp of medicine. We were launched into the sea of facts from which we were to extract the needed commodity... good care for our patients-to-be. We observed the pathologists in moments of trepidation slip their cigarettes into reassuring holders and learned that in organic disease and mental illness the lines were not as tightly drawn as might be hoped. The exciting pace sometimes, despairingly, slowed down as we learned of the numerous antigens worn in the smooth or rough coats of bacteria. We learned of drug effects on guinea pig diaphragms and doubted, whimsically, if we would ever be treating guinea pigs. Happy heights were reached in the cardiovascular, gastro-intestinal, hematology and kidney committees. Pete Goldblatt said "It snows more inside than outside." Most of us agreed. Dr. Koletsky muttered something about cancer and gastric ulcer - most of us hoped he was wrong.

On the job learning





Looks like a Pap smear to me



The straight line sign

LEARNING IN THE LONG, LOW ROOM

Seeking the elusive tubercle





DR. CHARLES HUDSON

Do but set the example yourself, and I will follow you. Example is the best precept

-Aesop

Look beneath the surface; let not the several quality of a thing nor its worth escape thee

-Marcus Aurelius Antoninus

We were to have a new experience in the preceptor system of Phase II. For in the hands of these men, for better or worse, we were to learn the most important tool of our profession - the ability to do an adequate - yea verily an excellent history and physical. We enjoyed counting inter-spaces, percussion and auscultation, albeit we were unsure why we did them. We disliked write-ups.



Mouse murmurs



Wow, what turbinates!



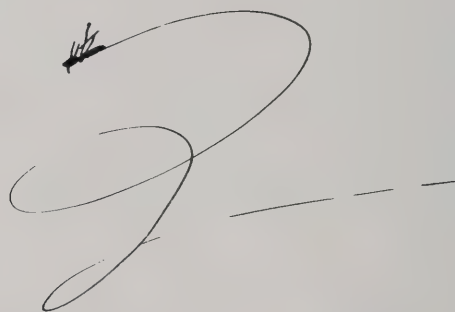
And the Lord said "Let there be light" - and there was light



Curricular fibrillation



**"JUST A LI'L
MOSQUITO BITE!"**

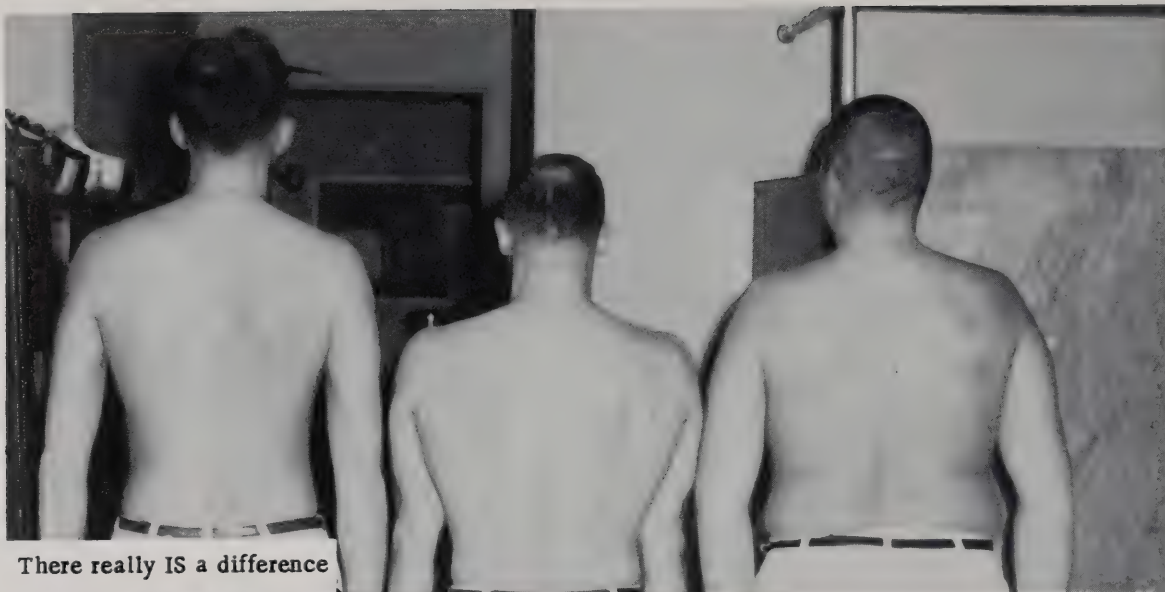


BLOODY GOOD SHOW

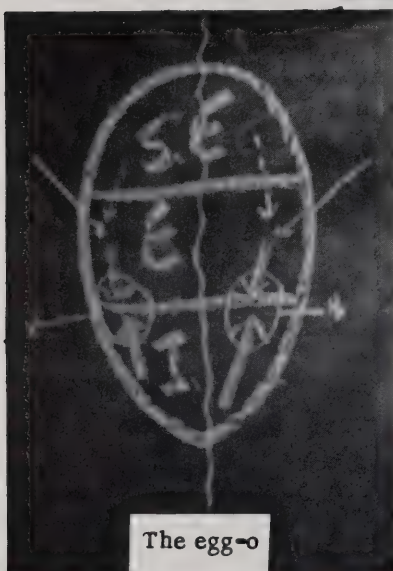


But Dr. Weisberger, Zymatinic worked on my Family Clinic patient

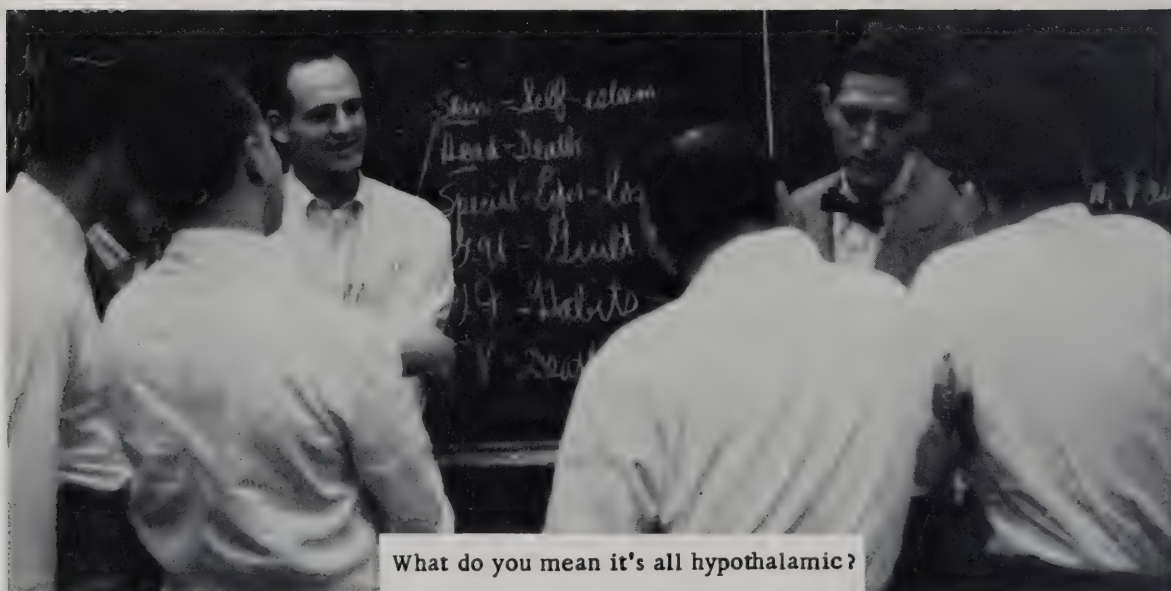




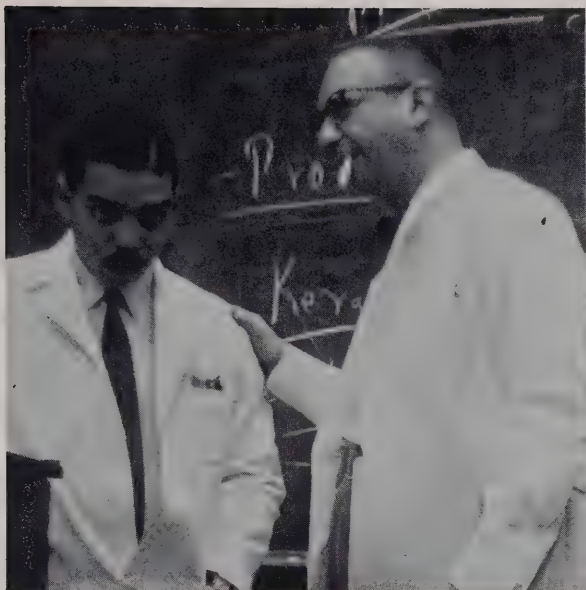
There really IS a difference



The egg-o



What do you mean it's all hypothalamic?

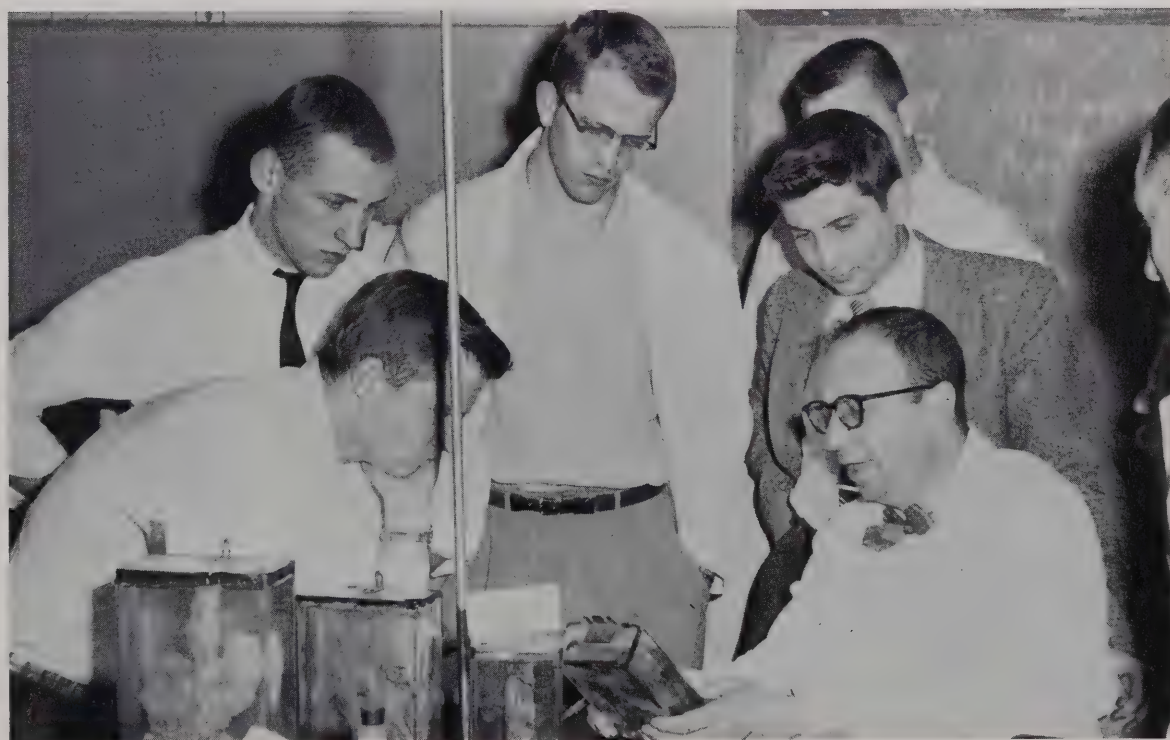


Charlie, I KNOW how anxious you must be.

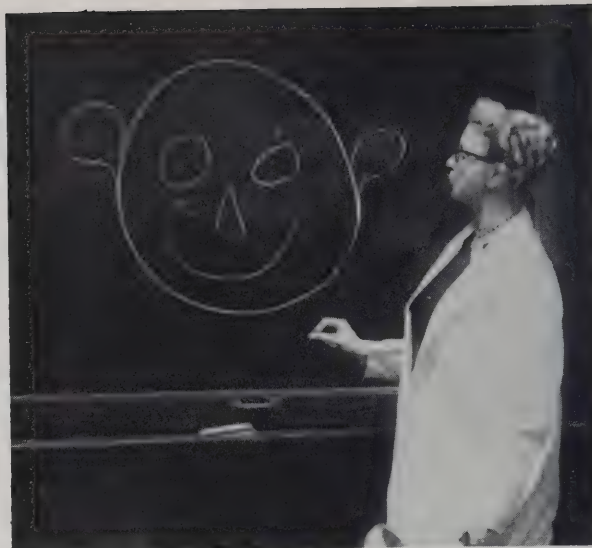


Dr. Thomas Kinney sans Coke.

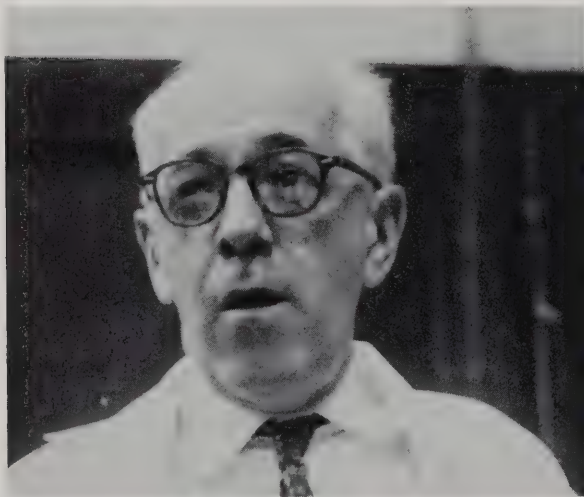
We learned more of somatotyping. We were exposed to the mechanisms of the mind and memorized drawings of tripartite eggs to prove it. In Phase I we were told there were many details about medicine we would learn in Phase II. We waited and watched. Some, faint hearts, decided they had better learn these things themselves. The majority decided to wait for Phase III. Most of us began to feel that the psychiatrists might have something after all - our symptoms of angina, ulcer, ulcerative colitis, left after mid-June.



So that's what Peyronie's disease looks like.



'ere's the 'ead

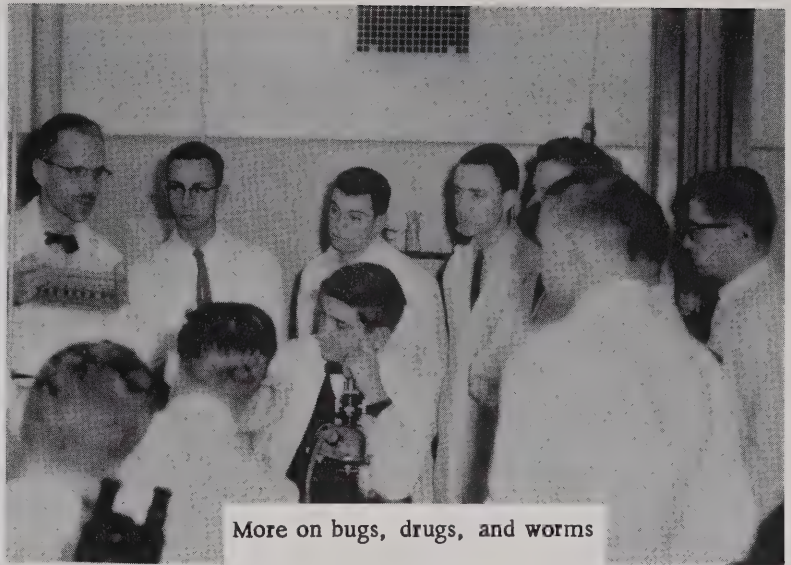


In cross section it looks
like a double-barrelled shotgun





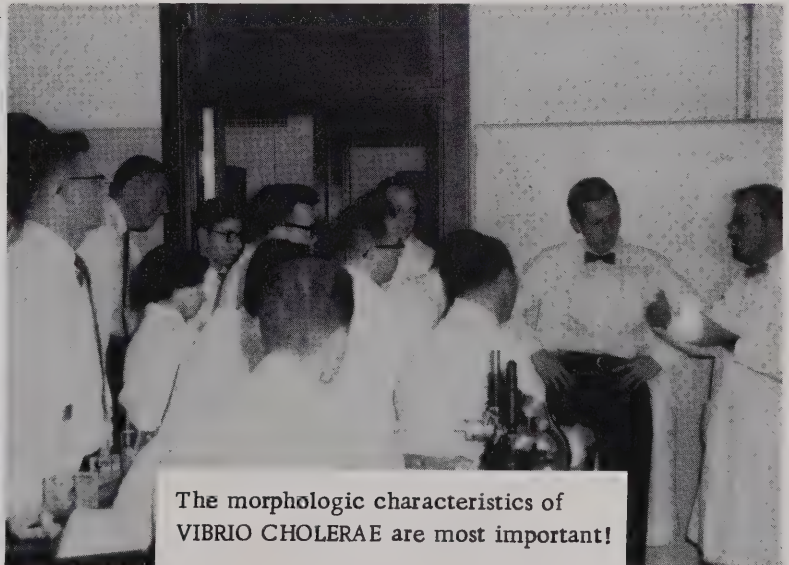
Dr. H. S. GINSBERG



More on bugs, drugs, and worms



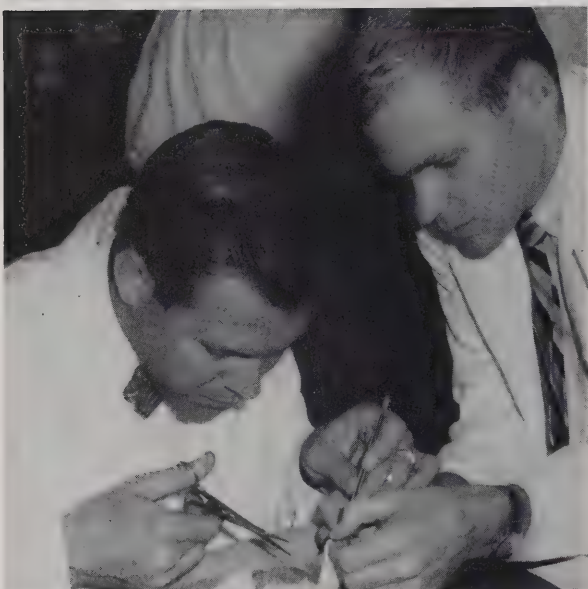
Guinea pig uterus



The morphologic characteristics of
VIBRIO CHOLERAЕ are most important!

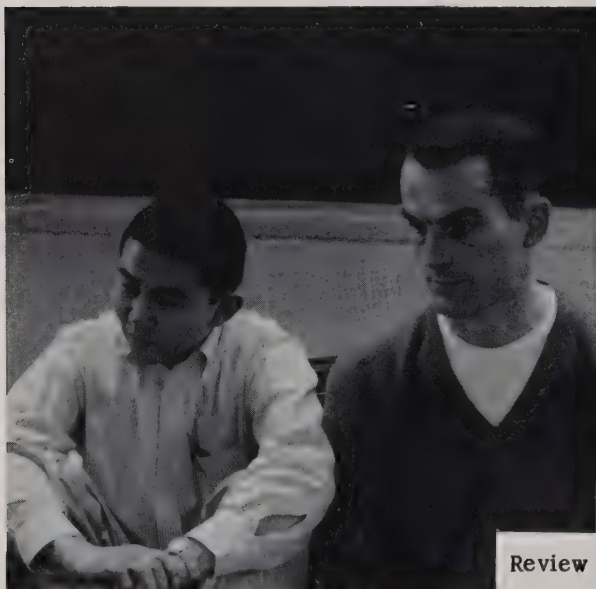


Now, blow!



C'mon, Nortie, let me do one!

Phase IIB was a time of diffuse busyness. We covered seemingly twice everything we had gone through before. We churned through the muscles and bones, made attempts at tracing fibre tracts of the nervous system and delved in- to X-rays (the flaw which is hidden is deemed greater than it is. -Martial). We learned of the ladies and the reassuring fact that there were at least a few diseases in the book which males did not pass on twice as frequently. There was some talk of thyroid nodular hyperplaaaasia.

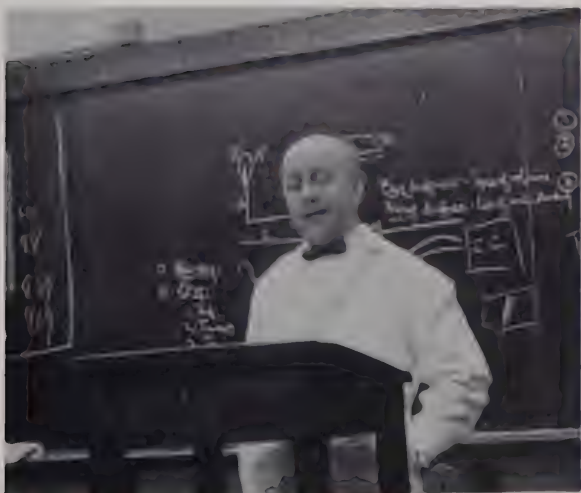


Review sessions

Dr. Perlich giving one of his excellent X-ray reviews



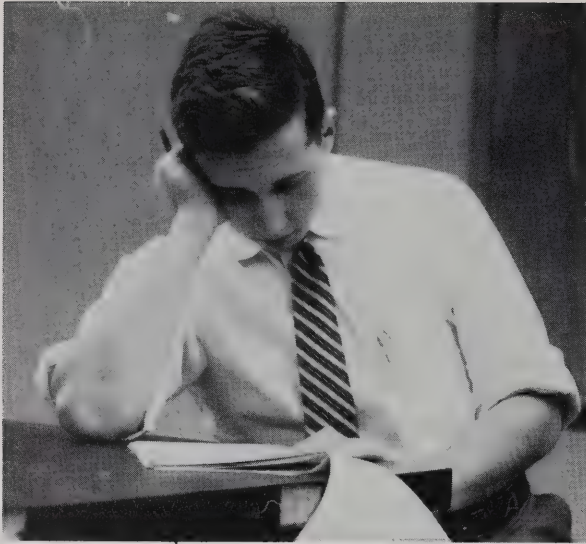
Dr. L. J. Reagan - Pap-ologist



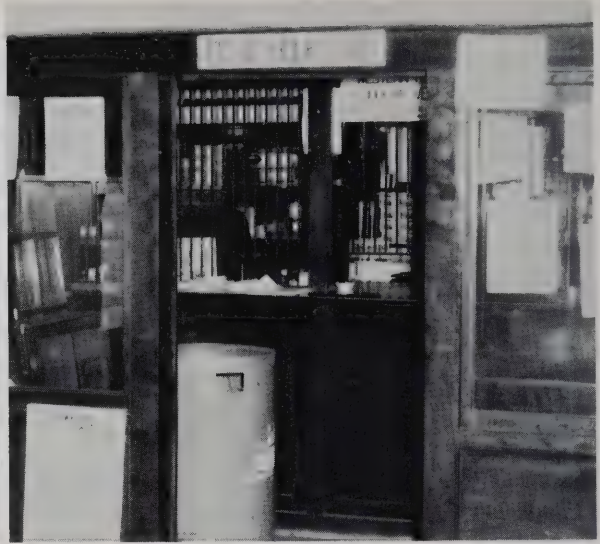
Dr. V. M. Jordan - an ear full



Dr. Harry Goldblatt and friend

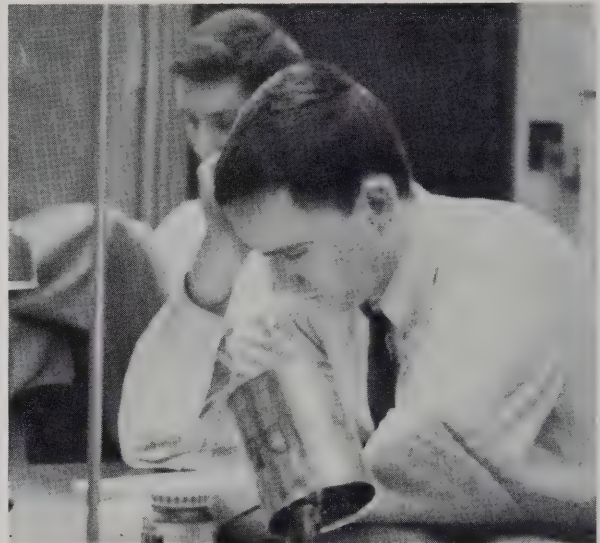


The plasterer of Paris



Den of the robber Baron

Phase IIB ended with a quiet thud in mid-winter after an incomprehensible comprehensive. No trumpets or drums sounded. We went home to sort out our notes and to starch up our white coats and our nerves for the gray dawn of clerkships. Some reviewed the esoteric procedures of the CBC and urinalysis. This proved to be unnecessary in the months that followed. We were all pretty darned excited.



Hmmm - "Name 45 tumors of bone"



Hey Ed, who is this bird Maxcy and what is epidemiology?



PART III

Grown old in our white
We watched the end
of January draw near.
Tho' winters ice still slowed
the waters flow
and snow
crunched crisply
'neath the covered foot,
Our spring had come.
Full of good cheer
We sallied forth
an eager band,
To the final phase,
The clinical year,
The meaning of our making.

Facts that were known,
unlearnt,
and yet to come
We needs apply
in days of patient care.
Not all
We also thought
And
Thinking we were taught,
Kind words at times
a barbiturate do negate,
Our eager minds must learn
to wait
When nature's
subtleties awhile confuse.
The diagnosis is not always
sure,
Be calm and wait,
then waiting look for more
That is,
May be,
Or never shows at all.
Beware impetuous, lest we fall
Victims of our own anxiety.
Whole patient care
the ideal state,
Organs exist, but note
The fate
of man
Rests with his soul,
or so the sages say.

Sixteen months
is a second's sweep in time,
When each new day the unknown
Of the hospital's
ceaseless flow
Grow
Use by custom
A familiar face
A part
Of life
And
Death.
But sixteen months tells
in our odyssey
Of challenge met, of the slow
growth to maturity
That starts
with an open eager mind,
A young man's stamina,
Belief in life, a reverence;
Respect for death
And what we cannot do,
That which we do not know,
But shall discover
As experience
Crosses gray hair
With brown or black.

There is no borderline defined
Between the end of May
And the first of June,
Only the movement of the moon
Across the wide expanse
of space
Beyond our tiny earth.
So then our moon
Merely reflects
the passing of the hour.
No sudden gain in wisdom
Or of truth
Accrues the day we graduate.
'Tis naught but recognition
Of our past endeavor,
A faith imparted
By our fathers
To their sons.

'Tis ours to use, not to abuse
Our learning
did not end,
It's just begun

SINK OR SWIM

All interest in disease and death is only another expression of interest in life, as is proven by the humanistic faculty of medicine, that addresses life and its ails so politely in Latin, and is only a division of the great and pressing concern which, in all sympathy, I know by its name, the human being, the delicate child of life, man.

-Thomas Mann

Clerkships began with a new orientation. In the flurry of ward work we learned a new set of initials...ASO, CRP, BUN, IVP, ECG, EEG, EDC, LP, PA, LBCD, MSL, CBC, WBC, CBC, WBC...workup, write-up, shut up. It seemed difficult to preserve basic attitudes and interests. To control our laxity the faculty, with varying success, presented us with bio-clinicals, a sort of basico-clinical correlation which sometimes broke down into basico-clinical tension or integrative schizophrenia (Gray book #000-000).

We learned that hospitals open their routine very early in the day and that there were those who thought the later hours of evening were best for teaching. We shared with the interns a curious homesickness.

Aside from the serious and stimulating aspects of medical clerkships we found a new series of games and mock heroics to keep us going. Reading the current literature was useful and stimulating. Reading the obscure literature - delightful. Sometimes the statements of the clinicians seemed dogmatic till we'd worked a bit at the problems of caring for patients. We were somewhat less in rank than the visitants, ourselves to the contrary, and the majority presently gave up telling people how to run their hospitals or about their archaic ways.



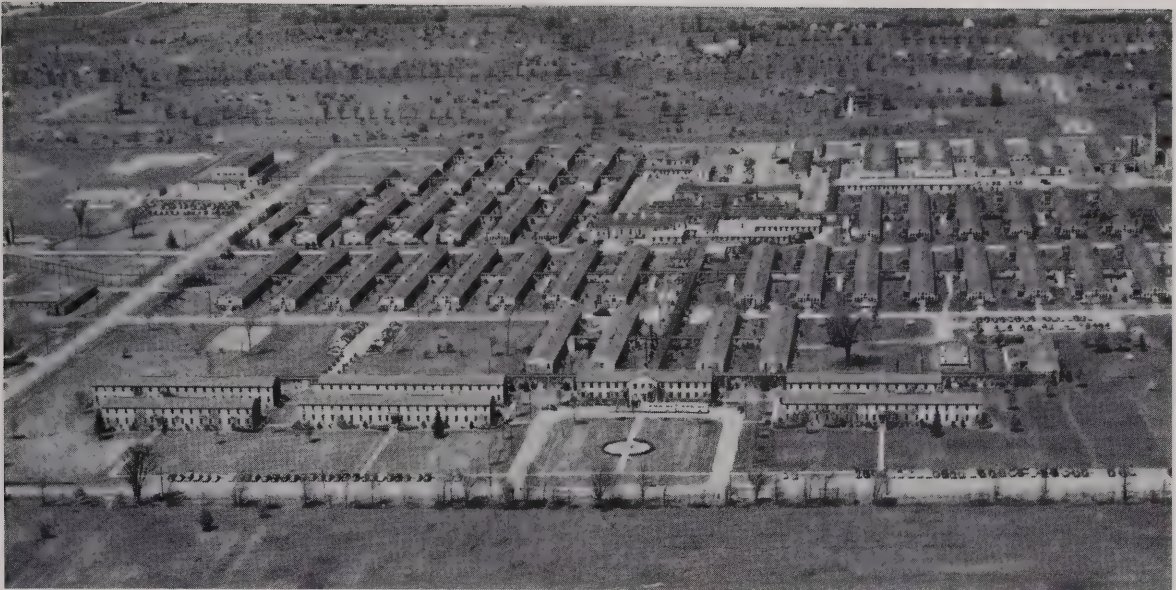


DR. WALTER PRITCHARD

Sometimes we would do a little infighting and find some significant something in the urine or blood. Invariably we were told by last year's phase cadets, now interns, how easy we had it. We were forced to compassion for the suffering students in Rochester, New York and Boston. Off and on the intern war would lapse while we read more obscure journals and they dug up new lab work. These cold wars passed off slowly as each camp got used to its job a little better. We continued looking for the answers to questions asked in Phase I which we were assured we would find here.



DR. ROBERT EBERT - Professor of Medicine



Ills which fate forbids to heal,
Are by endurance lighter made.
-Horace

In the Continuity Clinic we were to learn that, unlike in the hospital bed, there were people who might be helped through long term care and some who were well beyond help. Many patients would get no better or no worse - yet each needed help. In the main we were given the opportunity to offer such help and to learn. Often it was difficult to assess the degree of our assistance or learning. Some relief of the long afternoons on the third floor was gained by looking either in or out of the windows at the rather generously endowed scenery. Many worked at testing the panic threshold of a popular and awesome redhead, whose middle name was reputed to be Osler. Each of us discussed his several patients with the Rehab team. In retrospect, the time and energy expended for one patient was awesome.



Osler and Dieter



Patient centered conference

OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY

A mountain was in labour, sending
forth dreadful groans, and there was
in the region the highest expectation.
After all it brought forth a mouse.

-Phaedrus

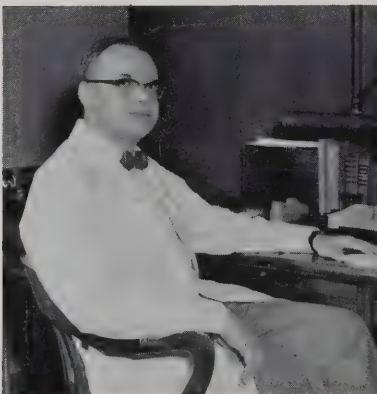
Some went to MacDonald House and some went to City (now Cuyahoga County...hold it...
now Metropolitan General Hospital or, forgive us, MGH). One group fought to get deliveries,
the other group fought to SEE one.



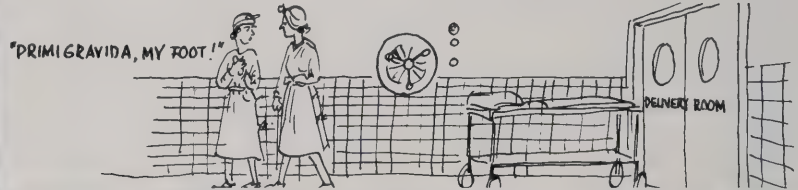
DR. ALLAN C. BARNES



DR. ROGER SCOTT



DR. C. H. HENDRICKS



The long and the short of it



DR. SAMUEL SPECTOR



DR. WILLIAM M. WALLACE, Director

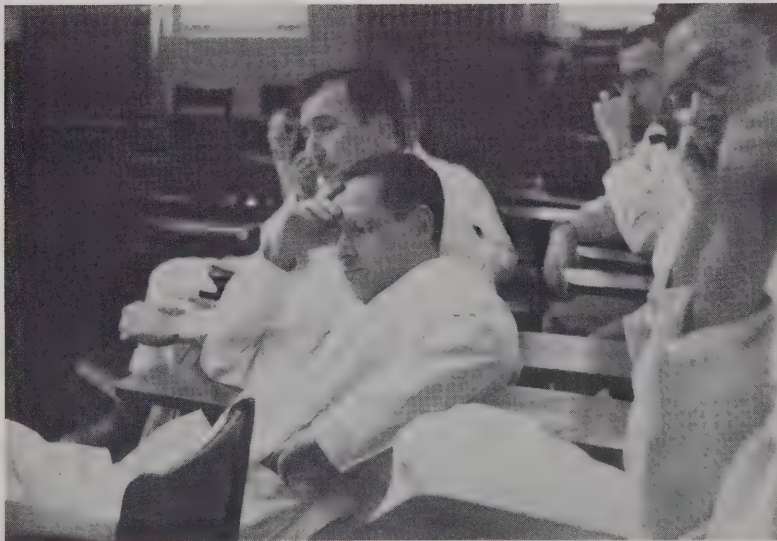
Man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing without being taught. He can neither speak, nor walk, nor eat, and in short, can do nothing at the prompting of nature, but weep.

-Pliny the Elder

Some began in pediatrics, others wandered there. Many learned, to their surprise, that pediatrics could be interesting. Others decided that large undifferentiated human types which talk were better than small undifferentiated types which couldn't.



DR. R. J. P. WEDGWOOD



The noonday conference, sedation qd

GROUP CLINIC

Inevitably we wandered one by one into the Group Clinic with its resident staff and local tribal customs presided over by a husky, athletic-type tribal chief:

I believe he would make three bites of a cherry.

-Rabelais

and a lean and hungry type who appeared intermittently:

"Tut, tut, child," said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral if you can find it."

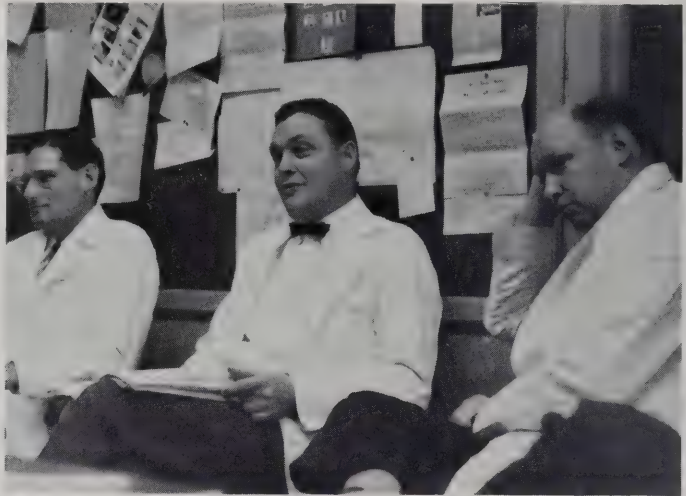
-Lewis Carroll

The conferences on Wednesday afternoons were some of the more memorable experiences:

INKLEY: Let's get started

Student: This 33 year old female...

WEISMAN: Hold it!



INKLEY: That's all you need, Dr. Wood. What's your differential diagnosis?

Dr. Wood: r/o infection, r/o degenerative, r/o neoplasm, r/o idiopathic.

WEISMAN: WHAT?!!!?

INKLEY: How do you r/o idiopathic, Dr. Wood?

Dr. Wood: Well, er, ah, r/i idiopathic.

ADAMS: Ya got him that time, Scott.

DELEON: I knew he'd bite on that!

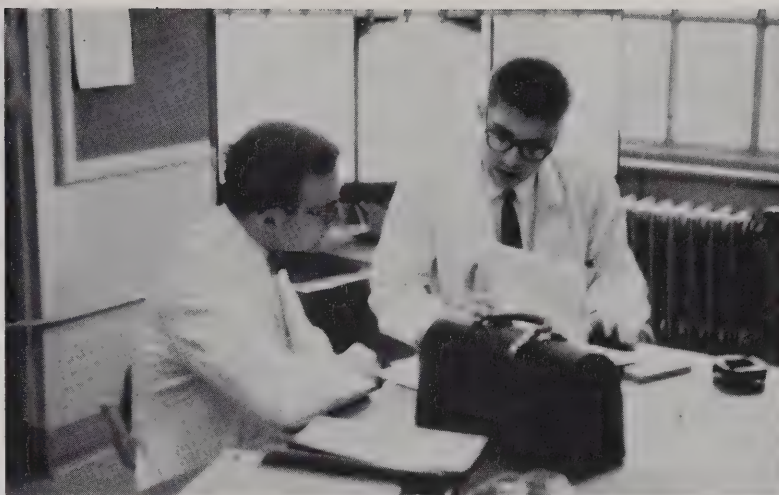
WEISMAN: Yea

MISS WIGHTMAN: I think we ought to send in a Visiting Nurse

WEISMAN: Yea

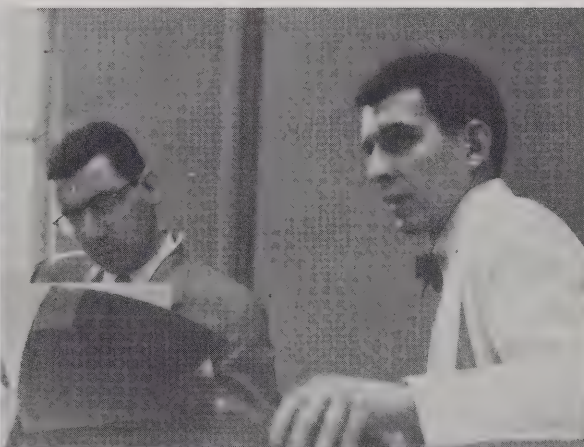
MRS. GRIFFIN: Sorry, Doctors, but the window washers are here. You gotta go.





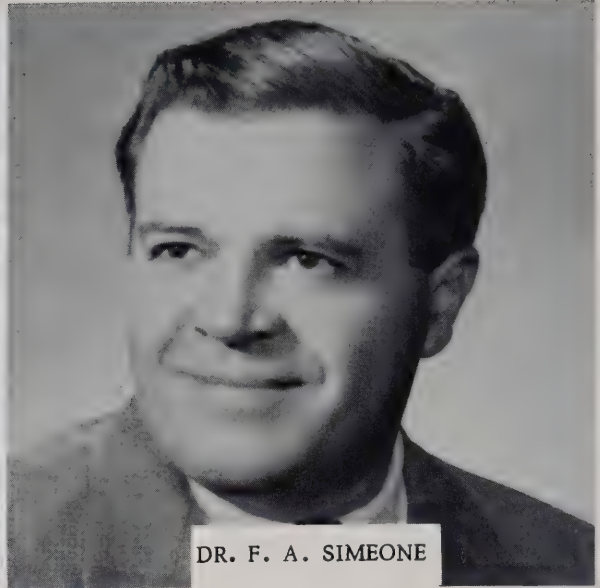
I can't find any neurotic symptoms, so her trouble must be organic.

We learned that a basic clerkship variety workup could be done on an outpatient basis - yessirree. We learned that the Inkley-Weisman-DeLeon-Adams Syndrome presents with a "creepy-crawling around here and up here and into my head and a feeling, like worms, in my stomach" (pointing somewhere out the window). Fun and games included, Group Clinic was one of our greater clerkship experiences.





DR. WILLIAM HOLDEN



DR. F. A. SIMEONE

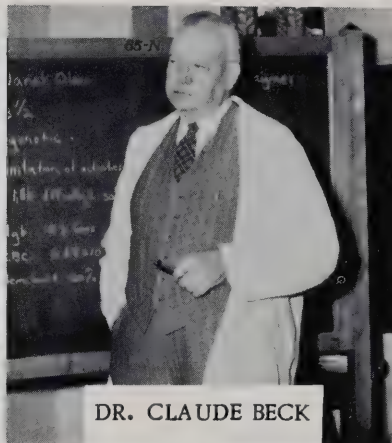
We went to surgery and found we could pull retractors just about as too-hard or too-loose as the next man. It was pleasant to see dramatic cures in a visible period of time. The surgeons' long hours and demanding enthusiasm sometimes wore a bit thin but the enthusiasm for teaching well balanced this. We never tired of the sustaining drama of the acute abdomen.

Healing is a matter of time, but it is sometimes
a matter of opportunity

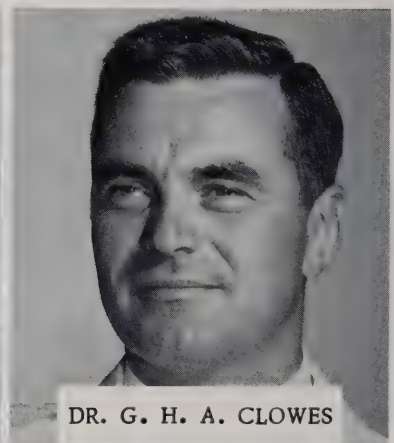
-Hippocrates



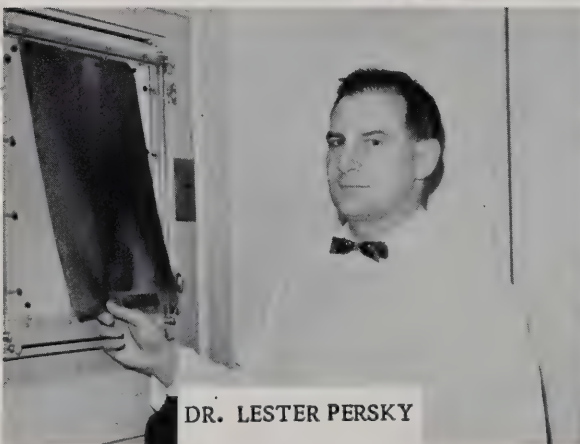
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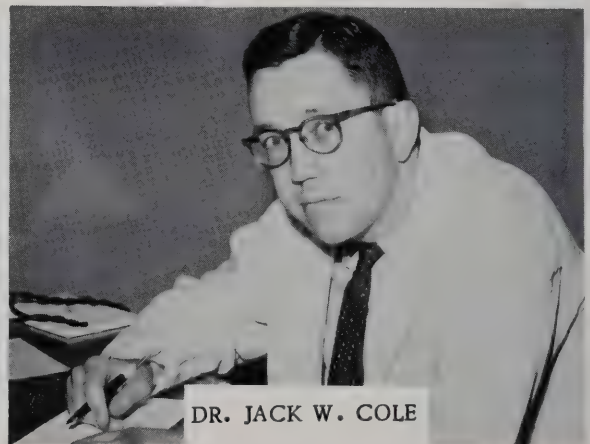
DR. CLAUDE BECK



DR. G. H. A. CLOWES



DR. LESTER PERSKY



DR. JACK W. COLE

To do two things at once is to do neither.

-Publilius Syrus

Aside from our clerkships we learned that we were not to forget our Families...that is we were to forget our families to take care of our Families (the spelling is the same, the pronunciation differs). We began juggling new babies, Continuity Clinic and bioclinicals. We were assured that real life was this way and that we were being trained up proper for the grim world beyond.

As we became more facile in our ability to examine and assess patients we were made aware of the vast population of patients without organic disease but numerous complaints. Our initial reaction was sophomoric cynicism which we soon tempered and learned that this segment constituted the major portion of ills we would see and was of itself a form of "dys-ease" which needed care. We learned that the skill of practicing was not so much in planning dosage schedules but in sorting out these complaints from organic problems and recognizing a bit of each in the other.

What do you read, my lord?

Words, words, words.

-Shakespeare

Somewhere in the gray vastness of our school in the dull early spring someone for some reason was reading eighty plus theses, family clinic reports, psychiatry papers, OB papers, and a smattering of autopsy sign-outs. To be a doctor, we learned, one must fill out requisition and write papers.

It is neither coronary nor pepticity

'twill send us from life's camp.

But an overgrown facility

for fulminant writer's cramp.

-Kelly

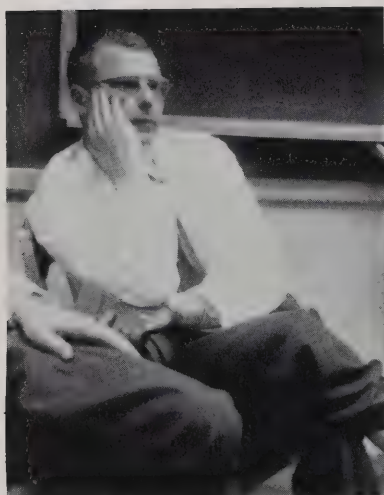
Words, words, words.





Acute exogenous anxiety, April 22, 1959

Quiet reflection



Dr. Oscar Ratnoff, clotologist

Noisy reflection



The white-pants syndrome

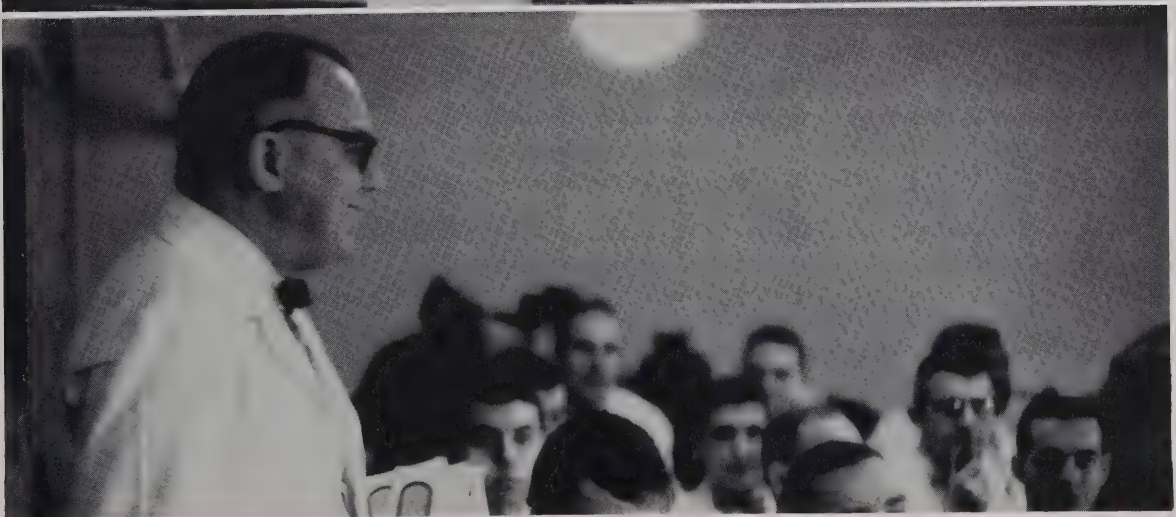
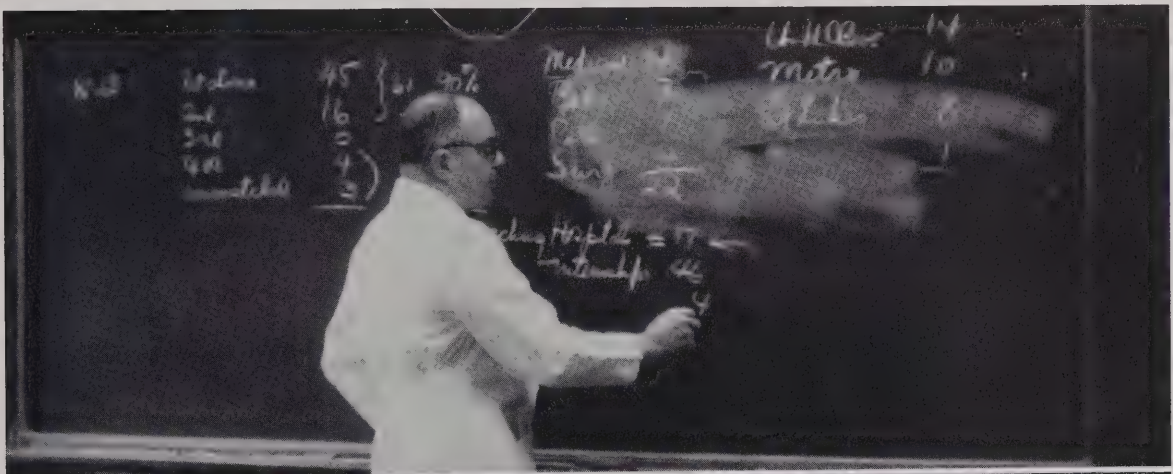


Beware the ides of March
-Shakespeare

Do not ask for what you will
wish you had not got.
-Seneca

On the 16th of March we were to learn about our futures. Shall I be basking on the beaches of California? Shall I speak one day for one minute to Dr. Thorn? Shall I make a thousand or ten thousand next year? Does a lieutenant salute a captain who is a patient? If I take them first, and they put me second and he puts them first and they rank him third...? These (and other) important questions preyed on our minds. Were we not an excellent class? We did very well on boards (the other students in the country were not very bright last year). Many of our number went after and achieved places in highly reputed teaching centers. Others, fearing the financial obliteration implied in such contracts, steered clear. All sought reasonably to do the best possible in finding places to pursue their further training in good medicine. As it turned out we did very well.

Many continued looking for answers to those detailed questions asked in Phases I and II. In April they found those answers listed with 8 others in the form of multiple choice on the first 600 questions of National Boards, Part Two. Rascals! They knew it would end that way.



EONS OF ERRORS

And every dog his day
-Kingsley

The poor chaps reading the theses and various reports could take little solace in their academic security, for somewhere deep in the structure of the medical school, prolific, clever "lean and hungry" men were still writing. For it was in these days that the senior banquet was being conceived. A fearful stew of vengeful, spiteful, prejudicial polemic was brewing - all in hopes that the faculty would attend.

On May 28, 1959, the faculty members DID attend and returned each jibe with one of their own. The results of this long evening of good natured ribbing were some of the most memorable events of Medical school.



The roast beef set



The filet mignon set



Spitonya, spitonya...



...down with propriety
down with the whole d____
Hamann Society



I gave Ted Mortimer all my best jokes.



At times I was afraid NO-BODY would make it.



Tell me, how many UN-original papers has he?



Look at those pediatricians squirm!



My mother told me this one...



Oseasohn's the reason



Finally found someone who'd listen.



Briggs - "Good God!"
Joe - "Thank you, very much"



Send down your clinical problems, we'll cure them
with H. and E.



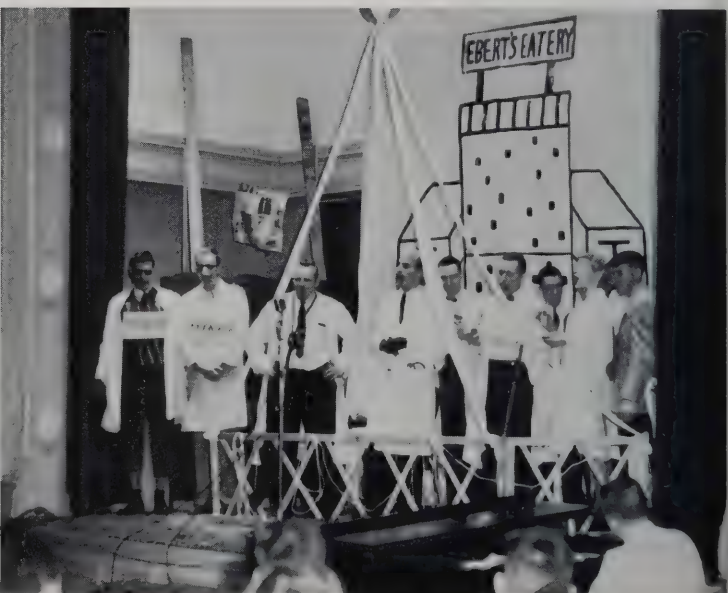
"The differential of a lump," with credits to Lerner
and Loewe.



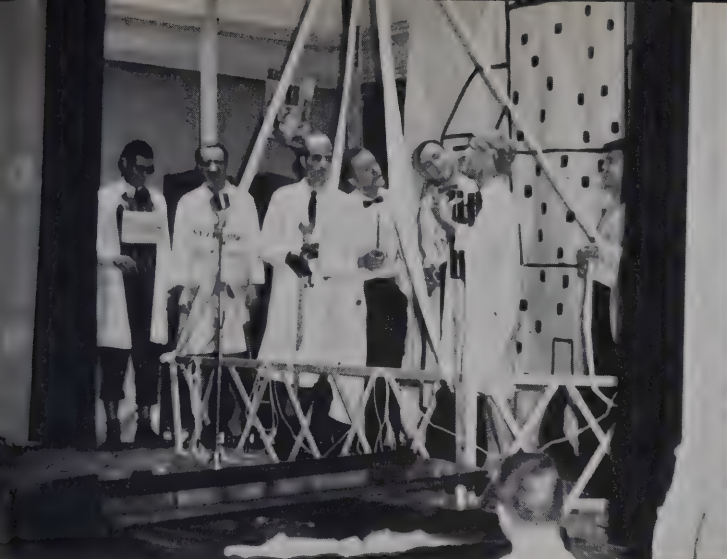
Hang down your head, Joe Dropsy,
Hand down your head and see...



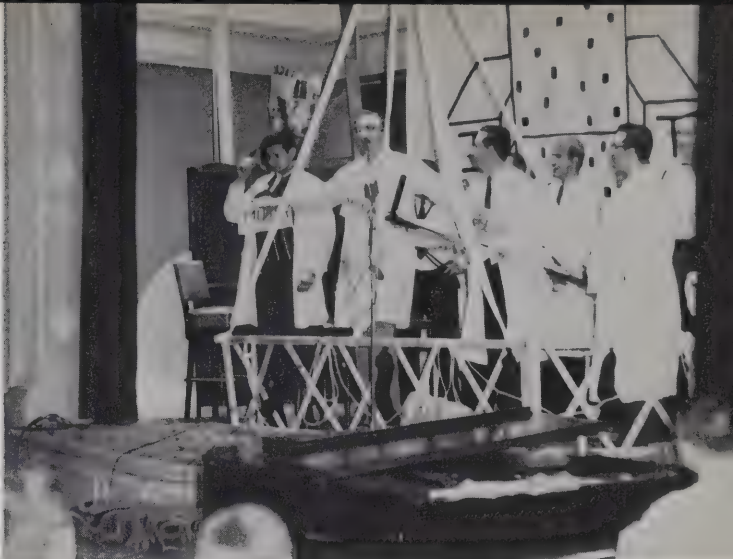
...Hingson was caught in the trade winds; passing
gas of course...



"Ya gotta have grants, to fill the wallet in your
pants.



We're ALL at your cervix, ma'am.



"The surgeon and the doctor should be friends."



The snowing of Paula Dudley Whitewash.



Buck Beck describes the Beck 59 - testicular-peri-cardial anastomosis

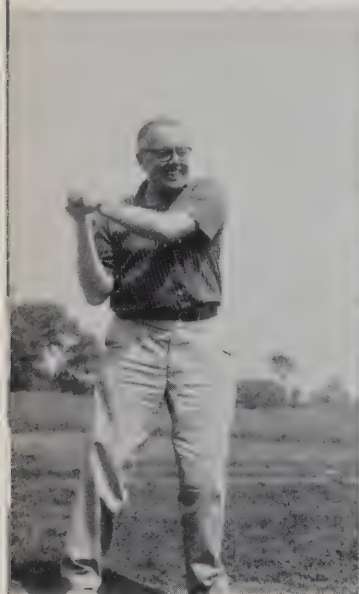


People call me Les, - less and less each year.

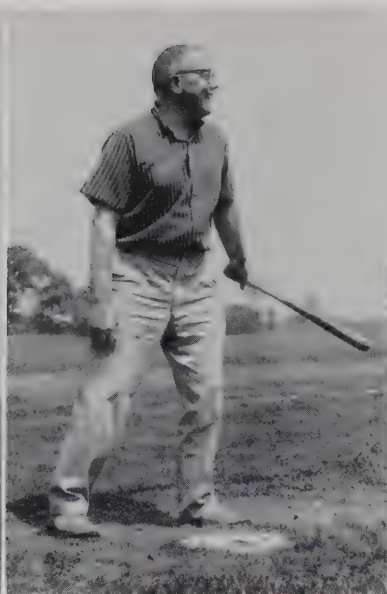


Zap! Don't protect your heads, you fools, cover your tools.

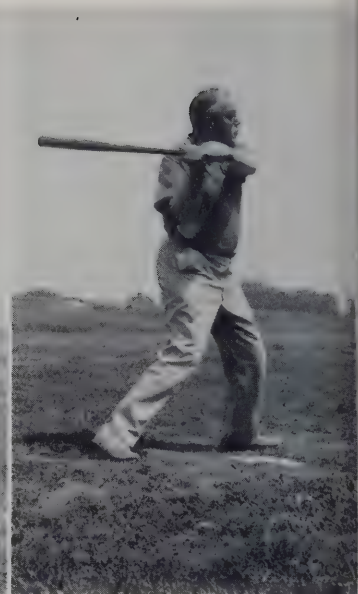
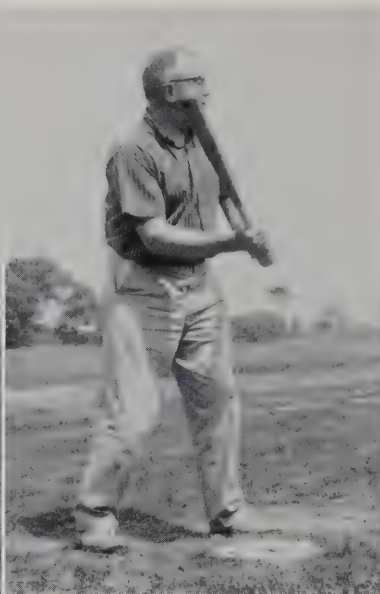
THE OLD BALL GAME



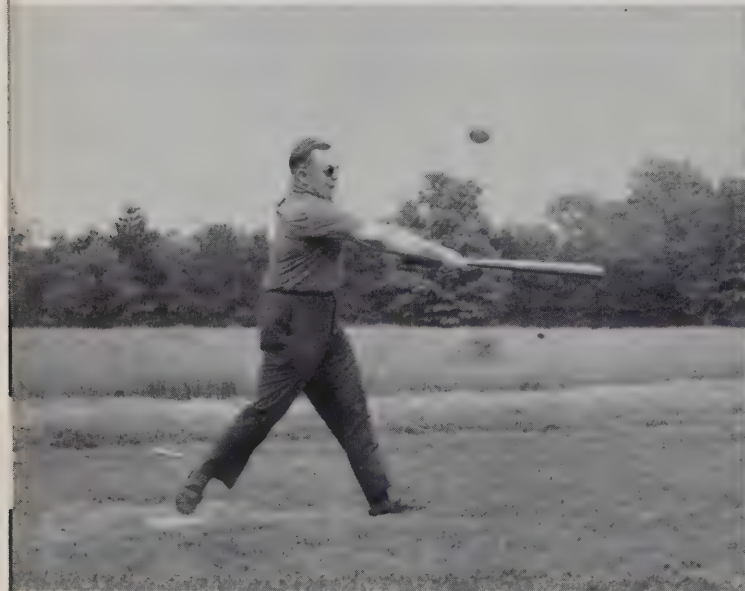
A miss is as good as a mile



The Babe - note the spindly legs.



Beer(s) pots



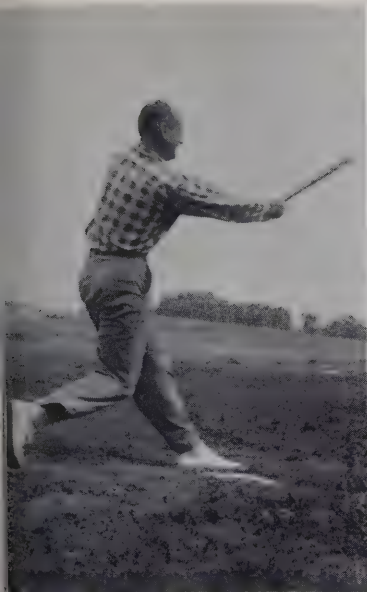
Student-faculty relations



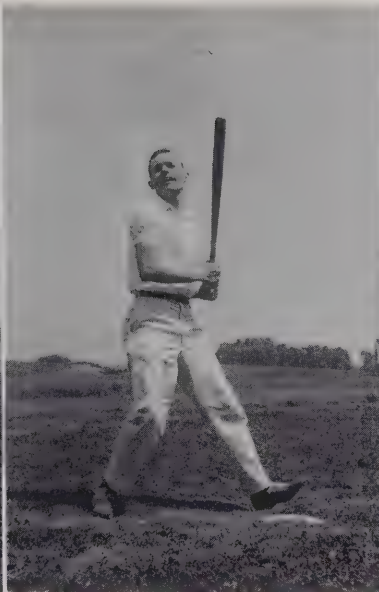
Uh, oh - that's high and inside.



Line drive



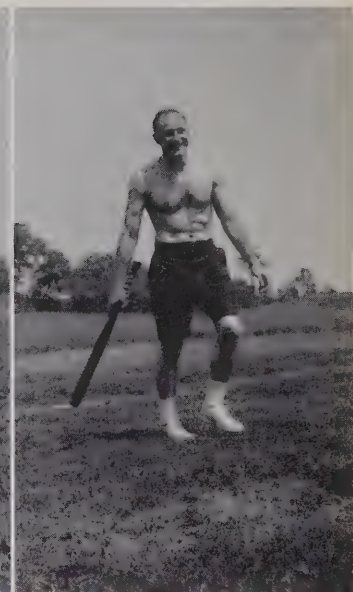
Checked swing



Home run



Strike out



How could we forget the hot dogs?!



Interested spectators at the ball game



C'mon, dad, let's go home.



Power and speed (Wish he could hit)





How many things, too, are looked upon as quite impossible until they have been actually effected.

-Pliny the Elder

On June 17, 1959, we were faced with graduation. A fact so far removed for so long that neither its reality nor significance preserved the brilliance it seemed to have had four or eight years ago. We had come 'round robin. No longer undergraduate "pebbles of puddly thought" but now pebbles of puddly thought with degrees, and the added advantage of new and hopefully well-made tools to approach a more definitive stage of our training...

...to accept what cannot be changed;
...to change what can be changed;
The wisdom to know one from the other.

-Niebuhr



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Bernard Levey, Andy Botschner, Jim Butt, Larry Coffin, Nate Bloomfield.

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June 17, 1959

Greetings to the Class of 1959:

The vitality of the Medical Alumni Association is once more being rejuvenated by our annual transfusion of new life blood, and as you of the Class of 1959 join the Alumni, we unite in the common purpose of sustaining the good name of Western Reserve School of Medicine.

You are familiar with the Alumni Office maintained in the School of Medicine. This is your headquarters as you become an Alumnus, and you are urged to help us keep in touch with you by keeping us informed of your whereabouts and news of what you are doing.

The Alumni Bulletin originates in this office, and it will soon be your best means of knowing what is going on at 2109 Adelbert Road and among your classmates.

Reunions of classes are held every five years in conjunction with the annual banquet in the late spring, and are organized through the Alumni Office. Plan to attend these dinners whenever you can, without waiting for special reunions.

There are some obligations you will want to assume as an Alumnus. The dues of the Medical Alumni Association are \$2 annually for the first five years after graduation, and \$5 thereafter. These voluntary dues bring no special privileges or services, but are a means of supporting the activities of the Alumni Association. The Bulletin and other services are offered alike to all Alumni.

Another moral obligation is an annual contribution to the Medical Alumni Fund. Through this means a \$100,000 Alumni Student Loan Fund is being built up, and support is likewise given to the general operating budget of the School of Medicine. Your participation in this drive will be earnestly solicited, although we are fully aware that even small contributions from recent graduates may be genuine indications of loyalty and goodwill.

Congratulations on your completion of the requirements for the coveted M.D. degree, and very best wishes to you in the years ahead.

Most cordially,



William L. Schlesinger, M.D. '38
President

CONGRATULATIONS

Students of Western Reserve University School of Medicine, you are indeed fortunate. That your medical education is one of the finest obtainable is beyond question. However, your education does not stop here. Postgraduate study, training and becoming a "whole physician" also includes your belonging to your local medical society. Your local medical society provides a program through which you may help your fellow men and your fellow physicians.

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Whatever specialty you desire, whatever field of practice you choose to follow, belong to your local medical society and help to provide the foresight and the leadership it needs.

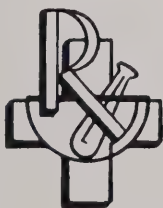
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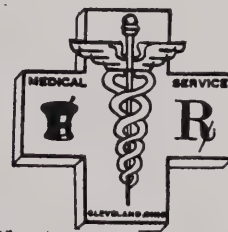
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